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CONTENTS

	Page
MMENTS	393
E MANTLE OF GEDDES	395
E MEANING OF INDEPENDENCE	396
LONDON DIARY	396
IS ENGLAND	397
NYA AT THE CROSSROADS. By Rita Hinden	398
P FINAL. By V. S. Pritchett	398
SCENES FROM THE YENTANG MOUNTAIN. By Hsaio Ch'ien	399
PLAYS AND PICTURES	400
CORRESPONDENCE	400
From Norman MacKenzie; H. G. Wells; Jack Wood; Robert Powell; and others.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By G. W. Stonier	403
REVIEWS:	
The Human Condition. By V. S. Pritchett	404
A Prop of Our Civilisation. By Harry Roberts	404
Traveller from Tokyo. By Dorothy Woodman	404
A Magistrate's Case-book. By C. H. Rolph.	405
Children's Books. By Frances Bird	406
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	407

PRECEPTS AND PRACTICE

HEN Mr. Churchill comes back to take his ce in the House of Commons we may expect n to say something, not about the strategy cided in the conversations with Stalin, but out the future peace contemplated by the three wers. So far we are offered only a picture a world ruled by three Allied Powers; d they, if history is anything to go by, not likely long to remain Allies after the defeat the common enemy—unless some new basis co-operation is found. Nor has enough been d about the future society of nations to reassure untries like France that their needs and aspira- ns will receive adequate attention. The public now left to guess from events, and the impres- n is that everything is left for the events to cide. It is bad for people to be left, as a rnalist once put it "trying hard to keep *au rant* with *faits accomplis*."

There have been good as well as bad reasons caution in discussing post-war Europe. The viet Union has been acutely suspicious of all k of unity in Europe, and has smelled a *cordon itaire* in even the most academic discussions international groupings. But the conferences Moscow and Teheran must have convinced lin that Britain and America are genuinely lies. Moreover, the Czech Treaty, modelled the Anglo-Soviet Pact, gives some indication the kind of arrangements into which Russia prepared to enter. It states, as we reported ortnight ago, that this alliance sets a permanent it to Germany's *Drang nach Osten*, and it arantees an independent Czechoslovakia. her nations, of which Poland is the clearest mple, are invited to enter into similar alliances, d we see at once the outlines of a future for st and Central Europe in which Russian in- ence is in the nature of things predominant, t in which Poland, Bulgaria, Rumania, Hum- y, Austria and Yugoslavia, having formed lependent governments friendly to the Soviet ion, will be encouraged, as the Moscow Con- ence stated explicitly in the case of Austria, enter into economic and political agreements h their neighbours. In a word, Russia uld oppose any federation in which she was not luded, and any grouping of States which have not popular governments friendly to the Soviet Union. With these conditions assured, how could Russia not desire the greatest possible union amongst the peoples of those countries whose political self-government is promised, but whose economic well-being is impossible if each of them insists on a policy of national exclusiveness?

If we may assume that this is the attitude of the Soviet Union, the next important point is some agreement about the future of Germany. The U.S.S.R. has been more terribly devastated than any nation in history, and the atrocities and the destruction by the Hitlerite armies over the whole of Eastern Europe have been so great that a punitive policy is to some extent inevitable. But the period of popular revenge must pass, while the question how the Germans are to live with their neighbours is permanent.

The Soviet Union will be primarily interested in seeing, in the early days after the war, that the resources of German machinery and man-power are conscripted to repair the ruin of Russia. The London Commission which is to consider further questions will have to think about frontiers and about the measures taken for disarmament. The guiding principle should always be that laid down by Mr. Churchill when he returned from signing the Atlantic Charter with Mr. Roosevelt. He declared that this time Germany should be thoroughly disarmed, but not impoverished. Once Soviet reparation requirements have been met, the Nazi party and the big industrialists and Junkers liquidated, and the army disbanded and rendered powerless, we see no reason to think that Stalin will oppose this sound Churchillian doctrine. He has himself explicitly asserted that Hitlers come and go, but that Germany will remain.

It will be asked whether the recent decision of UNRRA, in which Russia voted with the majority of the smaller nations against the U.S.A. and Britain on the question of making Germany pay fully for relief, does not point in the opposite direction. Enquiry as to the nature of this vote at Atlantic City (which was mainly carried by some twenty Latin-American Powers) suggests confusion rather than conviction. We believe that the reason for the Soviet vote—decided apparently at the last minute—was the calculation that, assuming a limited amount of food available, much of it, which ought first to go to hungry Russia, might in fact be sent for German relief. When realists come to make policy they will not, we must assume, in fact, desire to repeat the reparations folly after the last war or decree that Germans should pay in full for post-war relief and make full restitution to occupied countries, while at the same time limiting their industry to the amount necessary to supply their own internal market! Economic nonsense remains economic nonsense whether stated in 1943 or attempted (and abandoned) after 1919.

The time seems to be approaching when a full debate on the future of Germany and the unification of the European Continent will be possible. All such discussions should take place within the framework of the understanding that no agreements are possible without the accord of the Soviet Union. General Smuts made tentative proposals for the union of Western Europe. What, we wonder, is Stalin's view of such a suggestion? Perhaps he would say of Western as of Eastern Europe, that regional groupings are desirable provided that any such union is itself based on an alliance with the U.S.S.R.? Again, the League of Nations Union has now produced a proposal for the reconstruction of an organisation similar to that which died in Geneva. How will Russia, without whose agreement such a League could not survive for a moment, react to this proposal?

We note with some amusement that the Executive of the L.N.U. was violently split on the question whether the League Assembly should consist of governments or of representatives of the Parliaments of each nation. This proposal of a League of peoples rather than of Governments was first advanced in a book published by Mr. Brailsford as early as 1916, and it has always been on these lines that progressive members of the League have hoped to change a purely juridical organisation into one which represents peoples and so gradually cuts across national boundaries.

Finally, most important of all, is it not possible for Mr. Churchill to give us some indication of agreement on some of the great international services which must come into being after the war? We should all of us feel very much more confidence in talk of unity between the nations if even during the war itself we had reached a foundation for common endeavour in such matters as civil aviation, world communications, transport, currency and a dozen others. A single case in which the three Great Powers had actually agreed on a common piece of work for the public good would be worth fifty general promises of perpetual friendship.

Tito and Peter

With the despatch of a Russian Military Mission to the Headquarters of Marshal Tito, the tragi-comedy of Draja Mihailovitch and the *emigré* government seems to be nearing its end. The *Times* recently carried a leader which exposed the claim of the Puritch Cabinet in Cairo to represent any Yugoslavs except themselves, and in the course of the article gave what amounts to a *de facto* recognition of the government which Marshal Tito and his partisans have now set up. This is an important step forward. It means that no responsible section of British public opinion supports the handful of generals and discredited politicians who wish to restore their King to the throne of a Serb-dominated Yugoslavia in which the lot of the national minorities would be even worse than it was before the war. If, as some Tories argue, civil war is a danger in Yugoslavia, the surest way to create it is to foist on the popular forces who have been fighting for their liberation a Government which they have repudiated. Or is their concern about the future of the monarchy? But neither Marshal Tito nor any of his supporters have openly raised this constitutional issue. If their nominal King continues his association with a bankrupt clique of political adventurers, and has no better sense of realities than to command Marshal Tito (as he has done) to place his forces at the disposal of Mihailovitch, it is unlikely that he will find a cordial welcome in his homeland. But it need not be assumed that popular opposition would be raised to a proposal that King Peter should return at once to his country if he accepted the leadership of the partisan movement. A guarantee might be requested that a plebiscite should be held on the continuation of the monarchy at the end of the war. That would be a proper demand.

Reaction in Italy

News from Italy still suggests that little is being done either to purge the liberated provinces of Fascism or to encourage resistance movements in the North. Badoglio's latest anti-Fascist decree has a significant loop-hole clause. Public officials who held high responsibilities under the Fascist regime are to be removed, but "technical abilities" are to be a ground for exception—applicable, for instance, to Dr. Guido Jung, a former Minister of Finance under Mussolini and now included in the Badoglio administration. It remains to be seen how effectively the decree will secure the dismissal of Fascist Prefects and "Podestà" who remained in office after the Allied occupation. These officials are of particular importance, since it is they who still appoint the Trades Union Delegates. This was the policy of the Fascist regime, and the fact that, under Allied occupation, the workers have still had to accept representatives appointed by ex-Fascist officials has caused widespread discontent among the workers of Sicily and Southern Italy. Evidence of this discontent is to be found in the strikes at the Ilva steel works of Torre Annunziata, where 750 men agreed to resume work only after Count Sforza's intervention. Other disquieting news is that the famous and enlightened publishing house of Laterza, in Bari, has been taken over by the military authorities. For nearly 40 years Laterza had been Croce's publisher, and issued "La Critica," Croce's small but undaunted periodical. That this gallant journal, which kept the flag flying through twenty years of Fascist oppression, should come to a violent end under Allied occupation is symptomatic of a state of affairs which is bound to have its repercussions on resistance in the North. Significant, too, is the appointment by Badoglio of Marshal Messe as Liaison Officer charged with the task of issuing instructions to the partisan forces in German-occupied Italy. Messe's record is not auspicious. A young colonel at the time of the Spanish civil war, he was selected for rapid advancement on "political grounds" while fighting on Franco's side. For his avowedly anti-Russian feelings he was appointed commander of the Italian Expeditionary Corps in Russia, and owing to his readiness to collaborate with the Germans he was selected to lead the Italian contingent in Africa, under a German C.-in-C. It is very doubtful whether the soldiers in the South, who are now called to fight side by side with the Allies, or the politically minded workers of Turin and Milan will welcome Messe's leadership.

Bids for the White House

The suggestion was widely featured in the United States last week-end by the Associated Press that Mr. Wendell Willkie is actively exploring the possibilities of forming a Third Party, on the lines presumably of conservatism in domestic issues and anti-isolationism in foreign policy. We should be surprised to hear that Mr. Willkie seriously intends to run bull-moose, and the circulation of the story may be mainly significant as a hint to the Republican Party of what may happen if they fail to select him as Presidential candidate. With victory in the world war now taken for granted by public optimism, and with internal problems—inflation, wage-demands and the swing-back from Government contracts to competitive production—looming larger in voters' eyes than the post-war troubles of Europe, will the Party put its money on a candidate whose "internationalism" is suspect? Alternative choices most likely seem to be either Governor Dewey of New York or Governor Bricker of Ohio. Beyond advocating an Anglo-American alliance, Mr. Dewey has of late said little about post-war foreign policy. Mr. Bricker, however, has just declared that, though American co-operation in restoring the world's economy must be forthcoming, there must be no question of a central world authority or of "any abandonment of national sovereignty." Though post-war isolation in the full sense seems now precluded by the facts of joint participation in many theatres of war, a semi-isolation that rules out steady co-operation at least in the European theatre is still a possibility. The voice of President Harding prating of normalcy echoes ominously down the years.

Dual Control

The Government's new coal plan has now been laid before both owners and miners; but it has not been published, and only its main features are known. If it comes into force, there will be no alteration in the financial relations between the industry and the Government or in the status of the managers at the individual pits. "Dual control," to which the miners take strong objection, will continue exactly as before. The only important change proposed is that under the Regional Controllers there shall be directors or agents for groups of pits, empowered to issue directions to the individual managers in accordance with production plans covering each group as a whole. It is difficult to believe that this group system will really work as long as each separate colliery company retains its identity as a financial unit. Moreover, the plan put forward more than a year ago—the plan under which the mines are supposed to be operating now—contained a provision which it is not easy to distinguish from the new proposal. If it was not put into force, was not that because it was believed to be unworkable without the unified financial operation to which the Government, at the behest of the colliery owners, still refuse to consent? Mr. Lawther, the Mineworkers' President, has asserted publi that in his view the scheme now put forward w not work; and there can be no doubt that th Miners' Conference, when it meets in Januar will endorse this view. Major Lloyd Georg either from his own fault or because of obstructio higher up, is still merely fumbling with the co problem. Meanwhile, industry has had its co allocation cut by ten per cent., and the domest consumers are threatened with restrictions unle they make further voluntary cuts. An exceller example of what the ban on controversial legi lation means in practice.

Employment for the Disabled

The Bill dealing with the employment of di abled persons after the war is now before Parli ment. Based on the work of the Tomlinso Committee and energetically sponsored by M Bevin, it has forced its way to the head of th reconstruction queue, and seems likely to be th first Act of Parliament dealing specifically wi post-war policy. It is an excellent thing th the Bill deals with all disabled workers and no exclusively with those disabled on active servi or by industrial injuries in the war trades. I a few quarters, objection is being raised to th proposed registration of disabled persons on special employment roll, on the ground that th may emphasise their disabilities, and preve them from getting employment in the ordinar way. Even if this danger does exist, it is, w think, much outweighed by the advantages o the Bill, which will enable many men to g employment where they would stand little o no chance without it. The proposals for re habilitation and training under Governme auspices seem to be sensible and well-conceived and it was obviously necessary to exempt ve small employers from the statutory requireme to employ a certain proportion of persons regi tered as disabled. The only unfortunate thi is that this piecemeal handling of the proble entirely out of relation to the Beveridge Repo may lead to difficulties—the more so becau the Government has evidently made up its mi to treat workmen's compensation in the sam way, instead of regarding it as part of a gener Beveridge Plan.

PARLIAMENT : Balkan Swing

House of Commons. *Wednesday afterno*

AFTER Eden's speech some Members we disposed, as usual, to say: "Didn't say much or "Nothing new." Closer analysis sugges that they were taking a superficial view of th speech and were, perhaps, misled by its air unportentous delivery. It was not so long a report of "three conferences of world signi cance" might well have been; but it put Japan correct perspective, it recorded an emphat "yes" in reply to the question of the possibili of a united international order, it promised definite shortening of the war, and it indicated welcome move towards such popular forces insid Europe as those of Marshal Tito. There obviously some awkwardness with the Jugosl Government in Cairo; Eden may have wishe that the voice of the despised Left in this count had been listened to a bit earlier, and that som entanglements had not been entered into wi such indiscreet ardour. He made the best of necessarily embarrassing reorientation by sayi that he wanted to be fair to everybody and ho sorry he felt for "this young king," on whic at last, the Tories found something to cheer.

On the first of the two days devoted to th debate arising out of this statement, speech generally were on a somewhat low level. (A the time of writing there are signs of an improv ment.) Arthur Greenwood indulged in the luxu of saying "I told you so": he, and the Labo Party, had been the staunchest friends of t Soviet Union in all those years from the Russi Revolution onwards. He omitted to refresh th House's memory of the period of the Russ Finnish war. Captain Duncan, making iden " Foreign Affairs speech, said that it ld not be "practical" to set up another gue of Nations, and that we should not strip n of extra territory that her "teeming ulation" needed. Vernon Bartlett, briefly competently, contradicted the suggestion that s not realistic to have a foreign policy based an ideal; and said that it was time Tories opped talking about the British Common-th as though they had conquered the whole g single-handed and were therefore its prietors," and time Socialists stopped talking t it as though it were something to be med of. Burgin was pompous and vapid. y was sound, but hard to hear; as always, one wo Tories reacted with violent hypersensitive- to his mild comments on the Kings of oslavia and Greece. Purbrick wanted all our y bombers brought home from Italy to bomb many. Austin Hopkinson was stung to gnant protest ("as the sole surviving Liberal his House") by Mander's hope that the ons of Europe would not be allowed to choose i or Fascist governments; a Labour Member ted to know why he described himself as rviving." Wing-Commander James, an ex-ist of the Right, called Stalin a "Czar," insisted (as he was in order in doing) on criticising the higher direction of the Fleet Air Arm, and apologised humbly and handsomely for "having made a most mischievous, misleading, wholly untrue statement" about Harold Laski.

Acland made another of his demonstrations against the issue of a by-election writ. This time the constituency was Skipton, and the ground of opposition the inconvenience of a nomination-day falling just about Christmas: "for the information of the usual channels," Acland explained, Christ was widely believed to have been born, to the accompaniment of angelic minstrelsy, some 19½ centuries ago. Three Labour Members spoke in support of his arguments about the unavailability of public halls and so forth at this season; but the matter was not pressed to a division.

At question-time it was elicited that 1½ per cent. of Army recruits in the last year and a half had been found to be illiterate; there was prolonged criticism of allegedly widespread pilfering from the personal effects of dead R.A.F. men; and the House applied itself for a time to the consideration of the breakdown of a single omnibus on one recent day near Aberbargoed.

Pontifex Minor

THE MANTLE OF GEDDES

rd Woolton, in his two speeches last week he House of Lords, effectively dissipated any ef that may have been entertained of the ent of a real Ministry of Reconstruction. re is a Minister, no doubt, and there will be all staff of a dozen or so to work with him; we have it on his own authority that there o be no Ministry. Lord Woolton's role in ion to reconstruction is what Lord decote's was once in relation to defence. He co-ordinate, but not to administer or directly sor, major projects. The departments are to n their separate functions unimpaired and, most cases, unaltered; Lord Woolton is to o it that their several policies do not conflict that they work together where common action eeded. In effect, departmentalism has won, ds down.

here is, of course, a case for this adherence e old order of departmental government. It be argued that no major administrative up-al is desirable, or even possible, under war ditions, and that it is necessary to make shift the existing Civil Service machine. Indeed, is clearly the right policy, on the assumption , when the war is over, this country should rn as much and as speedily as possible to war conditions of economic and social organ-on. It is no less evidently the wrong policy, e State proposes to follow, after the war, any gramme based on "full employment" and a ned allocation of the nation's productive re-rces in accordance with a list of social rities designed to ensure maximum welfare. such policy can be implemented without an tive central body responsible for economic ning, including such matters as the control apital movements and the public direction of location of industry and population. Lord olton's staff of a dozen is plainly incapable king on any such role; and it is easy to see , in the absence of a real Ministry, the effec-co-ordinating power is bound to remain in hands of the Treasury—a body quite unfitted the task, because its concern is to prevent, not to promote, the spending of public money. rue, Lord Woolton promises to do quite a ber of things. The Government is not yet y to begin building the mansion beautiful of -war Britain; but it is placing generous orders he white-papering of the unbuilt walls. There to be no less than three Beveridge White rs—one on the insurance services, one on the th services, and one on workmen's compensa- There is to be another White Paper on watt, and perhaps another on the future of ulture and food. Lord Woolton assures us there will be no unreasonable delay after the White Papers have been produced and discussed; but does not this peculiar method of procedure, admirable as it might be in more tranquil times, in itself constitute an unreasonable delay at this stage of the war?

The Government holds that it does not, because the Government still adheres to its view that reconstruction policy must proceed on a non-controversial basis, and that anything which provokes, or threatens to provoke, major opposition is to be ruled out. This means, in effect, that despite Lord Woolton's profession of his determination to proceed on a non-party basis, and to have nothing at all to do with political parties, the Tory Party will be in a position to veto any reconstruction proposal of which it disapproves. It is, indeed, abundantly clear that the Tory Party has already vetoed the Uthwatt Report, and is likely to veto any other proposal which appears to it to threaten any important propertied interest. Instead of the Uthwatt plan for the public acquisition of development rights in all land, we are to have, it appears, no more than a public body to arrange for the purchase of such land as is immediately needed for purposes of building or rebuilding under public auspices; and there is no hint that local authorities are to receive any encouragement to play a larger part in such building than they have played in the past. Such a national body, superseding the local authorities as the purchaser of land for public development schemes, may easily result not in a simpler procedure but in additional delays and more bureaucratic centralisation of control.

On the question of housing Lord Woolton was more explicit, but not a whit more reassuring. Many people had hoped that the absurd arrangement under which planning of house-location belongs to one Ministry, planning of house-design to a second, planning of building labour to a third, and the arrangement of finance and the approval of housing plans to a fourth, would be ended. But we are now told that this division of responsibility is to remain, and that our hopes of a satisfactory housing policy must rest on the success of these four Ministries (of course, *plus* the Scottish Office) working together amicably under the paternal supervision of Lord Woolton and his dozen assistants. Of the local government through which any post-war housing policy will have to be mainly implemented Lord Woolton said not one word; presumably Mr. Churchill's ban on major changes in local government, on the ground of their necessarily controversial character, remains in force. Nor are we told anything at all about the Government's financial intentions, which are the crux of the whole problem. We have only the ominous echoing by Lord Woolton of General Smuts's assertion that after the war Great Britain will be poor, in terms which strongly suggest that the Geddes' axe and the May rod are in pickle for post-war executive use.

This question of poverty is, of course, vital. Post-war Britain is certain to be poor in one thing, and in one thing only—foreign exchange. It is bound to be difficult to readjust our economy to the loss of a large part of our national unearned income. But this particular difficulty need not involve us in any national poverty, unless we choose that it shall. Our national riches or poverty will be determined by our success or failure in making full use of our domestic productive resources to create goods either for home consumption or for exchange for various products. If we follow a full employment policy, there is not the smallest reason for our being poor, except for a short period while we are readjusting our economy from a wartime to a peacetime footing. If, however, we fail to accept full employment as the very foundation of our economic policy, we shall of course be poor, and poverty will then be adduced as a reason why we cannot afford to make war on poverty. Lord Woolton no doubt implicitly accepted full employment as an objective; but there was not the smallest sign in anything he said that the Government proposes to do anything to translate this nominal acceptance into practical terms.

The immediate issue in the sphere of finance is what the Government is proposing to contribute towards the costs of physical reconstruction. The local authorities, until they know this, are impotent to make realistic plans—and will remain impotent, even if they are told what the Government means to do about the Uthwatt Report. The only clue we have so far to the Government's financial intentions is to be found in the White Paper on education; and it is not reassuring. It is there proposed that the State's contribution shall be 55 per cent.; but can anybody in his senses suppose that the rickety and unjust structure of local rates is capable of bearing the rest of the burden? If the Government has anything like the same proportions in mind in relation to physical reconstruction, it will in effect be saying that no extensive rebuilding or replanning is to be carried out. The rating system was strained to breaking point even before the war; it has broken down entirely in many areas during the war; and it is quite incapable of being used to meet any substantial part of the costs of reconstruction. If the State pleads poverty, and an attempt is made to fix the burden largely on local rates, even modest paper plans will not be put into effect. Instead of full employment we shall get a return to mass unemployment as soon as the immediate post-war boom ends. By acting as if we were poor, we shall make ourselves poor; and private enterprise will be left to combine, as it may please, lamentations at its own lack of prosperity with rejoicings at the defeat of "socialistic" projects.

It comes to this. Reconstruction on a non-controversial basis, reconstruction that will offend no powerful vested interest, is stark impossibility—unless it is merely another name for letting things slide. The question which we find ourselves asking after Lord Woolton's recent speeches is this—in what respects would reconstruction policy be different from what it is if we were being governed by a purely Conservative Government instead of a Coalition? The answer seems to be that it would differ in no respect at all, except that perhaps Mr. Bevin is able to screw out somewhat better treatment of disabled ex-Service men than the Tories would give of their own accord. In all other respects the policy—and the lack of policy—about reconstruction are precisely what we should expect from a purely Conservative Government. Labour is a mere cipher—except for one or two of Mr. Bevin's particular concerns—when it comes to formulating post-war programmes, and it is in the nature of the case that this should be so, as long as the ban on controversial legislation remains. The moral is—what? It is for the Labour Party and its supporters to draw the obvious moral.

THE MEANING OF INDEPENDENCE

WHAT in the world of to-day do men mean by the "independence of sovereign States"? The question is raised for us by a bitter letter from a Swedish reader which we print this week. The letter reads oddly in a journal which has always championed that right to self-government which is vital to national life. But in the complex business of external relations independence must always be a relative term. The sovereignty of little peoples is one of those romantic illusions which for some men turn day-to-day politics into an emotional fairy tale. For our Swedish reader the independence of the Baltic States had an intelligible meaning. But in one form or another this conundrum confronts us all over the earth. With their armies quartered on its soil, Marshal Stalin and Mr. Churchill confirm the independence of Persia, while they assure her of economic favours to come, which are manifestly dependent on her not wholly voluntary support of our cause. The people of the Lebanon are equally sure that they enjoy independence, because British sympathy has led to the reinstatement of a Ministry which the Fighting French, dependent in their turn on British and American support, had deposed. Korea, according to the decisions of the Cairo conference, will also at the end of the war receive this coveted gift from destiny. What does it mean? In what sense can Lithuania, Austria, Persia, the Lebanon and Korea be independent?

The crude new fact, decisive in the modern world, is, of course, that mechanised warfare and, above all, aerial warfare now demand such enormous economic resources that a little State can no longer hope to defend itself with any degree of success, while the military power of a poor and backward State like Lithuania is so nearly negligible that a Great Power will pay only an invisible trifle to keep it as a client or satellite. The day is past when the Dutch could trust their dykes and a Hofer could defy Napoleon in the Tyrol. The Danes fought gallantly against Bismarck: they did not resist Hitler. At some date between those two invasions of Denmark the sovereign independence of the small State was doomed. It still had some reality, perhaps a fading reality, during the last century. High politics were then the exclusive concern of the Great Powers which formed the Concert of Europe. There prevailed in this period—by contrast with our own age a humane and well-mannered period—the convention that small States must not meddle in great affairs; but in return their neutrality was respected. No Great Power could compel them to become its satellites; nor did the Great Powers interfere in their internal concerns. This was the age of *laissez-faire* in economics: the parallel idea of neutrality was not yet an anomaly in European politics. With a crash this epoch ended with the German invasion of Belgium in 1914. In that war the Allies in their handling of Greece and Persia and in their development of the blockade took a view of the rights of neutrals that suited themselves.

What was it that brought the Victorian epoch with its ideal of national independence, to an end? Partly the development of communications and the annihilation of distance. Partly the growth of mass-production and the concentration of industry in a few giant trusts and cartels. What this meant was obvious when the Germans adopted *Mitteleuropa* as their chief objective in the last war. Mechanised industry, demanding greater and securer markets, was bursting the old limits of the national frontier. The same thing was happening by means of another technique—the penetration of industry by foreign capital. This went on at an ever rapider rate in Europe after the last war. Most of us learnt in the great slump, if we had not learned it before, how little notice economic happenings take of frontiers. A panic smashes prices in Wall Street and within a few months the value of every coin in every peasant's and worker's pocket, all the world over from Rhine to Ganges, has undergone a change, which in its turn accounts for half-a-dozen revolutions. Meanwhile, in one experimental centre after another the new techniques of political penetration were being worked out. On the eve of the last war, Izvolsky, during his memorable tenure of the Russian embassy in Paris, boasted in a secret despatch which the Bolsheviks afterwards published, that he had subsidised every French daily newspaper, except Jaurès's organ, *l'Humanité*. How far in those conditions was public opinion the expression of French independence? Much more was dis-discovered in the crucibles of Moscow. But it was the Nazis who perfected this art of political penetration with results that soon confronted us all the way from Madrid to Bucharest. The Second World War brought to London half-a-dozen sovereign governments who have, let us hope, spent the years of exile in profitable meditation on the meaning and value of independence in the epoch of stuka and tank.

It has been a commonplace now for a good many years among political thinkers of the Left that we must all prepare ourselves for some sacrifice of our sovereignty. The formula errs only in so far as it assumes that sovereignty was for most European States a reality, which they must be persuaded to sacrifice in a lofty spirit of altruism. For most of them, though in varying degrees, it was a dangerous and burdensome illusion. In fact, they were not free to choose what policy would adopt, which we take to be the meaning of independence. Neutrality had become an impossible luxury, and they could only choose, subject to the limitations of geography, this or the other Great Power as their protector. Sweden may look like an exception: but how long would she have enjoyed her freedom, if she had refused to supply the Nazi war machine with her excellent iron-ore? That mill grinds small, and from each it takes what it needs: from some small States their cannon-fodder, from others the raw materials for its guns.

We have all had our lesson twice. Before another repetition destroys us, we have all got to think out what it is we value in this unrealisable ideal of independence and this old-world conception of sovereignty. To begin with does it often happen that the national State, as history and geography have drawn its frontiers, is the appropriate unit for our modern activities? It is, for example nonsense to suppose that national States can each singly control the air, whether we are thinking of civilian transport or of military defence. It is only a little less absurd to argue that the trunk railways of the European Continent are best managed by a score of independent and sometimes hostile authorities. Does it make sense that such a river as the Danube, which could be a source of electric power to six riparian States and might be so used as to raise their low standard of life immensely, obeys no common authority, save in some degree for navigation? Geology placed the best iron and coal deposits of Europe athwart the political frontiers history has traced. That is true of the Ruhr, Saar, Luxemburg, Lorraine and Belgium. It is true again of the area round Upper Silesia and Teschen, which Poles, Czechs and Germans divide. Frontiers in these two cases tell against efficient industrial organisation and create a desperate problem for security and the control of armaments. Here again, sovereignty stands in the way of the creation of an international consortium to conduct these dangerous heavy industries? And so we might go on, from the creation of an international bank to control all our currencies, to the question whether international machinery can be devised to link up the backward agricultural States of Europe with the advanced industrial States, in such a way as to protect and develop the former, while ensuring to the latter full employment. Nothing of this can be achieved or even attempted unless all of us, great and small, are ready to submit ourselves in each of these spheres of action, to some representative supernational authority. T State which refuses is not cherishing a no ideal of independence: it is behaving as anti-social reactionary, with consequences t must be as fatal in the long run to itself as to neighbours. In all these cases (and there m be more) the national State is not the appropri unit for planning and organisation.

What, then, is its function? Certainly watch over and develop the heritage enshrin in its language and its cultural traditions— whole field of education in the widest sense the word. And here we would recall that services of some of the small states to civilisati have carried our undying gratitude. That true especially of Austria and the Scandinavi States. Again the whole field of admi stration and legislation turns round justi the police and the social services, and the regu tion of industry and agriculture. Here a vigil and coherent public opinion is all-important this works easily only within a single-langu area. But when the final question is po that goes to the root of the whole notion sovereignty—Are we to retain the natio ownership of military power?—our answer is emphatic if bewildered negative. We th peace will always be precarious; we think policing of the world will always be forbiddin difficult, if not impossible, so long as natio States, great and small, insist on retaining arm forces of their own on a scale that goes beyo the maintenance of internal order. In short, only way of reconciling autonomy with co-ope tion is by an approach to federation. Yet we do whether even the small States, to say noth of the three Great Powers which will eme from this war, are ready to face the internatio ownership of power. Perilous though it is delay, we may have to postpone any radi solution to that question. In the meanwh let us see how far in an integrated Europe an orderly world we can go on organising common life, above all our economic life, o supra-national pattern. In so far as the id of independence forbids co-operation and disd submission in matters of common concern to will of the greatest number, it belongs to obsolete age and forbids our advance into ordered future. What is of priceless value it is the refusal to submit to the will of single Power. But freedom from arbit coercion can be assured only when we learn stand together under democratic discipl Instead of asserting our independence, whet we are Great Powers or small nations, what must do, if we mean to survive, is to orga our mutual dependence.

A LONDON DIARY

I HEAR rumours of a popular resistance Gove ment in Greece, with Professor Svolos at the h He is a remarkable man; a professor of co tutional law at the University of Athens, who had immense influence on generations of G law students. Under Metaxas he was exiled the island of Naxos, where he was al worshipped by the villagers, who used to fo him round cap in hand—to the scandal of police authorities, who complained that respect given to this person undermined t authority! He is a man, I understand, of a sixty years of age, who has radical views but has never been a member of any political party am told that he would be an admirable leade a popular Greek government, and I should ex the British will in time recognise his administra just as they are in fact recognising Tito's re sentative government in Yugoslavia. Everyo find, takes it for granted that the letter of the K of Greece (said to have been written on vember 8th) putting off a decision about retur to Greece until he sees the political situation liberation, is published as a result of Churchill's interview with him. Mr. Chur believes in monarchy, but he is a realist, and as he seems to have talked sense to King Pete Yugoslavia, so, I assume, he has been telling ng of Greece that he cannot reign unless his bjects want him. In time the same remark l have to be made to the King of Italy.

* * *

Complacency. That is the main characteristic the British public to-day. It is not merely t the approach of Christmas is particularly rked this year by a widespread get-back-to-rmal-as-quickly-as-possible atmosphere, or by usual talk of things being better after the war. ere are already demands that the petrol ration private cars should be restored, and for more thes and for more sweets and all the other ngs which loose money can buy. With the terrific ospect of a Western offensive looming ahead, ch a trivial state of mind is really terrifying. The ture hasn't been made any more pleasant for by a conversation I have just had with a dier back from Italy. We were discussing x North's splendid and horrible article in last ek's *Reynolds*. I suggested that his story of the astrophic condition of southern Italy might only one side of the picture. No, things were fact much worse than that. Our men expected see the destruction of towns and villages in fighting; they thought some atrocities were vitable; civil chaos was part of the cost of war, yway. Then was it the political set-up that rried them? Well, those who knew enough out politics to know what was going on were set when they saw the Fascist administrators rying on with Allied sanction, but news was hard to come by that it was almost impossible get any coherent idea of events. What was the l trouble? Collapse. Complete and utter llapse. There was no civilisation in the south Italy at all. No leadership and no hope for future. There was only one aim for the ople: to get as much food as possible. To do s they are prepared not only to sell their sisters, t their mothers and daughters, their sons and mselves. Beyond survival, life had no meaning them. He had seen men of the Eighth Army, rdened veterans of the desert, physically sick at they had seen in the streets of this always verty-stricken countryside. He was very bitter out life in the England he hadn't seen for more n two years. The first question he was asked en he met friends of former years was always, Did you bring any oranges back," or else it was stockings or jewellery! Out there the women re selling trinkets treasured through a lifetime our soldiers, and to the Americans, to buy ad. "I never knew before," he said, "how a nquering hero felt."

* * *

"I was glad to see that Ed. Murrow said mething honest in his broadcast account of air raid over Berlin," said a friend of mine ose job gives him special knowledge of these ngs. "Murrow did at least say that it wasn't ctly pretty. British boys being burnt to death aeroplanes while they are roasting to death the pulation down below." And then my friend ed, "Do you think people's consciences are ch roused about the bombing we are doing w?" I replied that a few papers and some ople gloat, but most people uncomfortably uiesce, in the absence of any alternative. They e got used to the idea and don't know ny details. "Well," said my friend, "it is tainly very odd. They worried a good l when they thought we could be hit back d we were ourselves doing comparatively le damage, but to-day our raids are of quite other order. We drop liquid fire on these es and literally roast the populations to death." ide of the business that especially worries me he brainlessness of this kind of warfare unless so-called "softening effect" of bombing is ompanied by a political appeal. There has n evidence all through the war of a diversity views and much anti-Hitler feeling in Germany, if we produce the impression that we are de-mined on their utter destruction, what else can rmans do but fight to the death?

* * *

What else can they do? I have often asked self that question. When the Germans bombed London we were rightly proud of the way we "took it." I think most people must have shared my surprise in finding themselves so brave. We were really calm and practical, and the great effect of the raids was to concentrate our minds on the vital necessities. They solidified our national feeling, made us more human and helpful to each other. If there were any people who could not take it, people who got hysterical or "panicked" to the shelters—I did not see any myself—it would have made no difference. There is nothing else to do in an air raid except to "take it." Now what are we expecting the Germans to do, supposing they have reached a point of absolute despair in which many of them would like to give up? How are they to do it? How do you surrender to the British when the British come in aeroplanes? When the history of the war comes to be written, when the passions have cooled and Europe has been reduced, as it may well be, to an unbelievably primitive and ruined condition, I suspect that the thing for which we shall most blame ourselves is that we have not all the way through the war laid down the objectives for which we are fighting, and the conditions under which we were prepared to make peace. They should always have involved the destruction of the Nazi Party and the disarmament of Germany; but they should always have been coupled with an offer of a life for Germans within a European whole when the Nazis have been destroyed. This is not an ideological argument; it has been military common sense and I know that it is held by the more far-sighted military leaders.

* * *

Another comparison my friend drew was between the conditions of the Russians in Stalingrad and the Germans in bombed cities. "We read," he said, "terrific accounts of the heroism of Russians hanging grimly on to the battered remnants of Stalingrad and working under cover of night somehow or other to build another aeroplane. A terrible story of human heroism. But do you doubt that something rather similar is happening to-day in German bombed cities? German workers, with no other faith left than belief in their Fatherland, are no doubt to-day managing by hook or crook to turn out some weapons in corners of factories that we have bombed, and living in caves under cities we have burnt." A British commentator said the other day that there were now seventeen German cities in which we had made civilised life impossible. No doubt he is quite right, but has it occurred to him that civilised life is not the only kind? Men can live like beasts.

* * *

Why, I wonder, did the Admiralty decide to reveal, on Monday, that large-scale Anglo-American naval operations were undertaken in the North Sea last May? From a strategic point of view the operations would seem to have been ill-conceived. According to pressmen who were present, they were intended to achieve two definite objects: to divert enemy attention and forces from Sicily, and to lure the German Fleet out to its destruction. To achieve the former, it would have been necessary to evade the enemy's vigilance and to effect an actual landing in Norway. To achieve the latter it would have been necessary to make subtly calculated mistakes whereby the existence and position of the "fake" expedition were made known to the enemy well before any landing could be attempted. That is, the tactics required for the achievement of these dual objectives were bound to be incompatible with each other. Moreover, unless we credit the Germans with remarkable naiveté, it was surely ridiculous to imagine that they would have been deceived by such patent stratagems as the appearance of a "fake" convoy, with escorts, which "stooged along the Norwegian coast (but a good 200 miles away!), broke wireless silence, and made smoke for miles (without any reason!)," while a massive battle fleet patrolled "near Bear Island" (of all places from which to cover an invasion of Norway!) and sought to attract attention by firing its guns (in waters where the enemy knew, of course, that we had no targets!). Why, then, now broadcast our unsuccess, together with the story of the ineptitudes that made it certain?

* * *

The mystery of the medical treatment of Mosley's thrombotic-phlebitis grows ever more deep. Doctors tell me that the medical side of the matter is really quite simple. If you have got thrombosis, that is to say, a clot which is moving, you are in danger of death. In that case the medical treatment is absolute immobility. I know people in this state. They are tied up in bed and are not even allowed to move their arms. If, however, this condition has passed, then there is no longer any danger and the patient can walk about. I really think that Lord Dawson of Penn, or one of the other doctors concerned, ought to explain how it is possible to have this complaint in such a form that one needs both exercise and rest.

* * *

I have often thought what a good thing it would be if we had a children's theatre here in London. There used to be something of the sort in the Tottenham Court Road area, but it seems to have died some years ago. The experiments that were tried along these lines in the Soviet Union and on the Continent in pre-war years were so successful that they became institutions in the same way that the Old Vic did. There is so much a theatre like this could do, and I fancy there would be plenty of dramatists willing to try their hands at writing specially for children if they thought there was the remotest chance of getting their work performed. Dr. Mallon tells me of a project to establish such a theatre under Toynbee Hall auspices. It is an excellent idea, but it needs money to get started, although it has the sympathy and support of educational authorities and C.E.M.A., I believe. Anyone who wants to know more about the venture or who wishes to send financial help should write to Dr. J. J. Mallon at 28 Commercial Street, E.1.

* * *

A young friend in the Services just back from the U.S.A. (I can vouch for his veracity) tells me of a remarkable incident that occurred when he and a friend were hitch-hiking in Alabama. They were picked up by a farmer driving one of those ancient Fords. After a long silence it began to dawn on him that his passengers were not wearing American uniforms. He wanted to know where they came from. England, they told him. A long pause. Was England in the war? he asked. Yes, they said, and had been for some time now. Another, rather longer pause. Then, grudgingly, came the final question: "Which side she on?"

* * *

A Swedish Nazi paper *Folkets Dagblad* of November 26th is very indignant about what it calls anti-German propaganda over the Swedish radio. One Swedish speaker had declared that the "Germans started indiscriminate bombing" in a speech recorded on a gramophone. This was repeated three times because the Swedish radio technician stopped the record and went through it again, apologising each time for a technical hitch!

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to M. E. Owen.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Frinton Council went into secret session to debate whether they would allow a fried fish shop to be opened in the East Coast's most exclusive holiday resort.—*Evening News.*

The Fiscal at Glasgow Eastern Police Court to-day described a house as a miniature League of Nations when a 68-year-old woman, Mary Gillan, pleaded guilty to a charge of having used her house at 148 Salamanca Street, Glasgow, for purposes of a brothel.—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

Mr. John Traynor, of Liverpool, who has died after being cured at Lourdes 20 years ago of the effect of war injuries, is stated by the *Universe* to have received 100 per cent. disability pay from the Ministry of Pensions, which refused to recognise his cure.—Report in *News Chronicle*.

Princess Elizabeth, it was disclosed last night, rode to hounds for the first time . . .

The decision to allow her to ride to hounds is in accord with the general policy of making her life as "normal" as possible in the light of her position as heiress-apparent.—*Daily Mail.*

Mr. Krog has obviously been influenced deeply by Ibsen and Noel Coward. This may seem an odd mixture, but who will deny that a little Coward would benefit many a scene by the Old Master, whereas Mr. Coward would be definitely improved by a dash of Ibsenism.—*Evening Standard.*

Sending Robert Thomson, Guthrie Street, Edinburgh, to prison for 30 days for selling a bottle of cold tea for whisky to a Canadian soldier, Sheriff Jameson in Edinburgh yesterday said: "Such an act is calculated to produce dismay and discouragement among His Majesty's Forces." —*News Chronicle.*

KENYA AT THE CROSSROADS

The King of Uganda (in evidence before a Commission of Inquiry ten years ago): "It is only too clear that my fears and anxieties are well founded, and that it is the express intention on the part of the European community in Kenya to subordinate the natives of the East African territories to the interests of the immigrant European races."

Leading Article in East African Standard (1942): "There is certainly no time to waste in this business of preparing for increased colonisation. . . . From now on we should look at all our main problems from the angle of their importance in the task of building a stronger, healthier, white settlement in Kenya."

A STREAM of reports from Kenya tells that an agitation for renewed white settlement is once again afoot. Progressive opinion in this country is anxious. Members of Parliament have been putting question after question to the Colonial Secretary, and the matter is being debated on the Adjournment this week, and again in the House of Lords next Session. Why this anxiety? Because Kenya has for long been a "problem child" in the British colonial family. For two generations public assistance has been given to fostering a British settlement there. And the result—a privileged minority has come into being, wielding strong political and economic power. It exerts a weighty influence on a government composed of British officials, who take their instructions from a Colonial Office six thousand miles away. The only counter-weight and the only defence for the African majority is British public opinion. And are these white minorities—in Kenya and throughout Southern Africa—to be strengthened and to combine, as Gen. Smuts now proposes, into regional Dominions based on the perpetuation of the colour bar with even the safeguard of British public opinion removed?

The situation in Kenya can be summed up in a few bald facts. There are under 20,000 Europeans; there are over 3,000,000 Africans. 16,700 square miles of land—including much of the best land—have been allotted exclusively for European settlement; 50,000 square miles have been reserved for Africans; in the rest of the country there is little land worth cultivation. The Europeans have 11 representatives on the Legislative Council elected by themselves; the Africans have 2, nominated by the Government—and these two are never of African race. Over £25 a year is spent by the Government on the education of each European school-child; 16*s.* a year is spent on the African school-child—and most African children are not "school-children" for long, if at all. The European farmer receives 12*s.* for a bag of maize; the African receives under 9*s.* Of course there are differences in quality and packing, but no one believes that the differences are as great as that.

The African population has its views about all this. In 1939 a petition, signed by representatives of the African tribes, and protesting against the reservation of the Highlands of Kenya for Europeans only, was read out in the Legislative Council. It was read by the Indian members—in spite of angry interruptions by the Europeans—because the Africans have no members whom they consider their own.

> "He was a British statesman," ran the petition, "who once said 'There should not be in the eyes of the law any distinction and disqualification whatever, founded upon mere distinction of colour, origin and creed, but the protection of the law in word and substance shall be extended impartially to all alike.' The people of this country, however, know otherwise."

For many years there has been seething discontent in Kenya—with occasional outbreaks of disturbances of a more serious character. The Africans have never acquiesced in the land situation; they have resented their non-representation on the Council and the imposition of laws of which they understood nothing; they have feared the power of the European settler. But there have been few channels for the ventilation of their grievances to the outside world; no trade unions, no political representation, no newspapers—and the leaders of the few organisations which they created were detained for sedition at the outbreak of war. (A few have now been released).

During the war the whole situation has worsened. The Middle East campaigns demanded an increased production of foodstuffs from Kenya, and the Europeans were further encouraged and subsidised to produce their utmost. They had long been demanding a "firm hand" with native labour—they got it now in the form of "forced labour" which allowed the conscription of Africans for employment on private European essential undertakings. (It has emerged that these "essential undertakings" include European tea and coffee plantations!) They had long been demanding "guaranteed" prices for their products—they have got these in the form of very substantial price increases and direct subsidies. For long they have been clamouring for more executive power in the Government—one now finds the settlers ensconced in key positions, sometimes in the majority, on the new Government boards and committees which are mobilising the whole East African war effort.

In the last year an agitation for a new settlement scheme has been stirring. The local press, the Farmers' Associations, the European elected members of the Council have thundered out their demands, and the Kenya Government finds itself committed to supporting a settlement policy. The settlers are jubilant. "The Government," wrote their paper last December, "has taken its stand with the (European) elected members in full approval and acceptance of a policy which will attract and successfully establish settlers of good quality." As an earnest of the Government's good faith a token vote of money was demanded—and given—and a Settlement Officer appointed to make a land survey. A settlement committee—consisting of 15 settlers and 2 officials (no Africans, of course) has been appointed. The Government now takes powers to re-acquire alienated land, which has not been used, with the purpose of making it available later to new settlers—with the purpose, too, of preventing "undesirable" purchases. For, by "white settlement" the Kenya community means "British settlement"—and it has watched with dismay the purchase of land by refugees of other, equally white, nationalities.

What is to be done about this situation in Kenya? Britain has declared herself the "trustee" for the 3,000,000 Africans of that territory. Government pronouncements have stated categorically that, while the interests of immigrant communities must be safeguarded, "the interests of the African natives must be paramount." Yet practice flies in the face precept, and by a weak submission to the press of local groups, Britain risks being perju before the public opinion of all Africa and public opinion of the world.

There are only three lines which can taken. The first would be to terminate existing European settlement of 20,000 so This is not practicable—perhaps not desirab It should not be forgotten that many of settlers went out with public encourageme many have worked honestly and suffered har ship; they have already contributed somethi to Kenya, and may have more to contribute the future. It would be a breach of faith compel their immediate "liquidation"— certainly not practical politics. The seco alternative is to continue the present policy bolstering up a privileged subsidised ra minority, and perhaps strengthening it by furth immigration. This goes counter to all Brit political ideals and professions. It is a po which can only lead to increasing conflict with African population, both in Kenya and in the of Africa. There are no long-term politic ethical, economic, or even military grounds for justification. There remains, then, a third alt native—to supersede the existing privileges of Europeans by a programme of rapid political economic advancement for the population Kenya as a whole.

It is this last line of policy which must app to liberal spirits in Britain, and which is in great harmony with our professions. It will involve expenditure of large sums of money on educati on improving the deplorable condition of na lands, on introducing new agricultural metho secondary industries, marketing facilities, roa (Plans for the expenditure of £2,000,000 for dev opment purposes have just been announced fo Kenya. That is a small but welcome beginnin It will involve a change of heart towards African labourer, and a new code for his pro tion. It will mean a different system of polit representation. It will also mean a drastic cha in land policy—there can no longer be thous of square miles of European land lying vac while Africans are crowded, with their swarm cattle, into eroding reserves. There will also h to be an end to discriminatory legislation of sorts.

If these measures are taken the European no longer find Kenya an easy abode. If he wis to surrender his holdings he should be adequa compensated. Or, if he can maintain his sm privileged community by his own unaided eff without harm to his neighbours, his freedom do so should not be disturbed. The real objec lies against public funds and the power of State being used to buttress privilege. whatever the decision is, the British people, are responsible, and *not* local vested intere must be the arbiters. And it is unthinkable the British public, nurtured in a hatred of Hit Herrenvolk creed, would wish to maintain minute Herrenvolk of its own on the Equator.

RITA HINDE

CUP FINAL

ONE summer night a young man turned up firewatching two hours late at an office in the On top of this, he brought his girl with him.

"What time is this, Foster, and what's this yo lady doing?" said the firm's firewatcher. He wa the main door. He was in his shirt sleeves. He been a professional footballer years ago, then a ma gardener and he had the stunned look of the sportsman, the husky voice that sounded as if it been kicked, trodden or punched back down throat.

"This is my fiancée. She's missed her train. had to walk. She's nowhere to go," the young said.

"You can't bring her in here. No one on premises except the staff on duty, that's Ransome's orders," said the firewatcher.

"Oh," whimpered the girl, putting on her quickly and then hanging on Foster's arm. "

ll Mum say? I said I'd be home. Supposing there's nid? Dad will carry on."

They stood arguing on the doorstep. She was a n girl of no beauty and the moonlight made her ok poorer and thinner.

"Where'd she sleep, any road?" said the firewatcher.

"She can have my bed," said the young man, gerly.

"No," said the firewatcher. "She can't do that."

"Anywhere, the floor will do," said the girl.

"The floor!" said the firewatcher, sarcastically. How can you sleep on the floor? You can't sleep the floor. Mr. Ransome wouldn't have that."

"You seem to be suspicious," said the young man, ughtily. "I'll ring up Mr. Ransome and explain him."

"Ring up Mr. Ransome! You ring up the anager! At his home, at this hour of the night! you want the sack in the morning? You can't g up Mr. Ransome. I'm in charge here."

In the middle of the argument a policeman came . Before the warning goes the police look taller, as looking up at windows and at the sky had made em so. A light was shining on the fourth floor, the liceman said. That was lucky for Foster. The ewatcher had forgotten to close the window when was making himself a cup of tea and the curtain s blowing in the summer wind.

"That's you coming on late," said the firewatcher, tterly, to the young man. "You'd better follow ." He spoke as if he were arresting them. The liceman watched them both go in.

The night was warm. The summer wind was wing like a country river over the flat leaves of the es; but after each stroke of the city clocks the ice seemed to get warmer. The air did not move, t was thick and smelled of typewriting ribbon and ots and of a carnation left in a glass of water by the nager. The young man put the carnation in his ttonhole, sat on the manager's desk and began to on.

"I'll have to make a full report to Mr. Ransome," d the firewatcher, coming into the room and starting k at the new home of the manager's carnation. 've put her on the top floor."

"I'll just say goodnight to her," said the young n, getting to his feet.

"You said goodnight," said the firewatcher. You stay down here."

Distantly a taxi came up the hill with a soft mewing ine. The firewatcher and the young man looked up.

"He ought to be here if he's coming," said the ewatcher. "We'll give him another quarter of an ur. He's late to-night. It may be the wind, but moon is his delight, as the saying is. He never sses a moon."

A clock chimed, the last of all.

"I just remembered," said the young man, rubbing eyes. "I left my glasses upstairs. My fiancée t them in her handbag."

"Sit down," said the firewatcher, standing near the or like a goalkeeper with his hands open. "You n't sleep in your glasses."

The young man was going to reply, but changed his nd and sat down and scowled.

"No one's going up them stairs," said the firetcher. "I've put you on the ground floor to-night. rcumstances alters cases."

The young man sat on the manager's chair, a sition of prestige, and his black hair shone and his es were as lordly as a goat's. He had his feet on the nager's desk. "I can wait," he seemed to be ying. Opposite to him sat the firewatcher close to door, in the position of advantage. There was gleam of light on the firewatcher. His thin face pped back and his short hair seemed to be rushing the top of his head as if a bomb had once exploded front of him, or a ball had been kicked to his face. had taken knocks. Against this his grey eyes od out like hard, fixed nails—a pair of big-headed ils that kept him to the spot, assailed but defensive, appalled but right, hungry for disaster. He had switched on the wireless and was sitting by the door. He was the conscience of the firm.

"I don't know what's wrong with you boys in the office," said the firewatcher. A loud cloud of music flew out, a frisky noise of bells, bones, tongue clicks and tumblers. "Mr. Ransome's too easy with you boys. I've watched you. You've been late every morning this week. You waste time. You use the office stamps. I don't say nothing, but I see."

Foster tapped his fingers on his knee in time with the music and smelled his carnation.

"It's not the way to get on," said the firewatcher, glaring at the carnation.

"What's that bloody awful row? Opera?" said the young man.

"Opera!" sneered the firewatcher.

"She's calling," said the young man, jumping up and going to the door. The firewatcher was there first, and not being able to stop him from leaving the room, got above him on the stairs. They both listened.

"Foster," said the firewatcher, gripping him by the arm. "You told me that young woman was your fiancée. You say you're engaged."

"What do you mean, I say I'm engaged? I *am* engaged. I shall speak to Mr. Ransome."

"You can't go up to a girl's room when you're engaged. Not while I'm here. If you wasn't engaged, as the saying is, I wouldn't say nothing. I'm broad-minded, but you're engaged. She's not calling. It's an owl."

The young man felt the grip of the firewatcher's hand. It was a hard grip with years of footballing and market gardening in it. Foster went back into the room where the music was playing and the firewatcher shut the door behind them.

"There's a point," said the firewatcher. "I was once present at an ugly occurrence at the opera in Munich before the war. I took a team to play for a cup and there was a schemozzle. It was at the opera."

"There's someone on the stairs," said the young man.

The firewatcher opened the door an inch and listened without turning his head.

"We had trouble," said the firewatcher. "It was one of the youngsters in the team. He'd got too big for his boots, Foster. They gave us the front row of the stalls, the whole team. It was all propaganda, you can see that, the government paid. Some of the chaps had been drinking that German wine. It hadn't been going on half an hour when this young fellow, Edwards, climbs over the rail into the orchestra and starts offering to conduct the orchestra. We paid another club £1,400 for that man. He was dear at the price. When the conductor spoke to him, he hit him on the head."

"£1,400," said the young man, pricking up his ears at the money. "£1,400's nothing for a footballer."

"It was £1,400 more than he was worth. In the schemozzle he knocked the conductor out. Then the audience got up and started shouting and the police came in. We could have bought that man for £25 two years before and I wouldn't have him.

"Thought he was clever. There was a regular scrap," said the firewatcher gloomily.

"A small town boy from the valleys. He'd been down the pits," said the firewatcher. "Same as you might work in this office. I'm not saying he wasn't a good player. But he wasn't worth £1,400 any more than you are."

"Noel Coward," said the young man. "He gets £1,400 a month. He told me."

The firewatcher's face jumped into a steeper slope and then hardened again. "I was sitting at the end of the row," said the firewatcher. "We'd won the cup. If you win the cup you have to have it with you. A cup doesn't look after itself. So I said to the fellows, 'I'll sit at the end of the row.' The captain's duty's to see nothing happens to the cup. They can kill themselves, but you're got to keep the cup. I had it between my feet under the seat. I picked it up and put it on my knees and sat still, the police looked at me but went on into the middle of the fight. I just walked out into the corridor. Some of the others ran, but I walked, Quietly, see. No one touched me. I kept my head. I went into the lavatory."

"Suppose," said the young man, waking up, "she wants something in the night. If she wants something, did you tell her where it is."

"It's on this floor. I'll be here all night," said the firewatcher.

The young man tapped his feet and started a fit of yawning. "That's not the end of it," said the firewatcher. "Not by a long chalk. When it had all died down, I walked out."

"Where did you go?" said the young man without interest.

"That's the part I'm coming to," said the firewatcher. "A cup's an awkward thing to carry, and it was very dark and I finished up two hours later at the other end of the city. I was lost. Two policemen saw me with the cup and one thing and another, not knowing the language, they thought I'd pinched it. I was arrested. I've told you this with an object, Foster. Do you get me?"

"It's gone two," said the young man, yawning. "It doesn't look as if he's coming to-night."

"He may be here, he may not," said the firewatcher victoriously. "You can't tell. You go and doss down. I'll come down myself with you because of the lights."

The young man went down to his bed. It was in the main office. The firewatcher closed the door behind him and then stayed a while moving the pails of sand.

It was against the regulations laid down by Mr. Ransome, but the firewatcher locked the door of the main office and with an expression bruised and sad he went back upstairs.

In the main office two voices were whispering.

"And then," the girl was saying. "I said to myself, 'they're on to football now. I'll chance it,' and I slipped down."

Above them the firewatcher sat alert with the door open. He had decided to stay up all night.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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SCENES FROM THE YENTANG MOUNTAIN

THE undulating horizon was no longer before us. Instead we could see the long range of mountains, with leaning peaks rising behind. We could see the high pass winding across the range, sometimes like a snake, sometimes in whorls like the shell of a snail. In the valley the criss-cross of a ricefield with a "mist-lake" floating gently above it calmed our terror as the bus lurched violently round the corners. The way that leads to a famous mountain should not be easy; the piety of pilgrims needs stimulating.

Then at last we were in the arms of Yentang. Like the characters in the prologue of a play, the various cliffs and precipices came into view, all grim, all uncompromising. One was like a fist extended from the clouds, another was like an arm stretching upwards with honourable scars on its tawny skin. There was the Mountain of the Two Swordsmen crowned by two peaks like slender fingers, and there was the Tiger Cave, showing two wicked sunken eyes at the foot of a mountain like a crouching animal.

Just as I was wondering why some mountains look like huge mounds of earth, or perhaps a plump sow, while nature kneads others into fantastic shapes, I caught sight of a stream with water of the strangest colour. Above us was a greyish sky scattered with white clouds, and yet here in front of us was clear blue water. One could see the green weeds growing up between the pebbles in its bed. When I was a child, I often used to wonder whether clouds came from the chimneys of houses. Here, surrounded by these great mountains and far away from household fires, I saw that smoke is only a matter of a few unimportant puffs, which might be smothered with a saucepan lid, while the clouds beget themselves, slow-moving yet intractable. As I watched the clouds spread they became greyer and greyer, making the whole scene look like a painting scroll that has been dipped in water. It seemed as though the clouds were playing a game with the mountains. First a peak would move further and further off, until it disappeared altogether, then after a long time the peak came back again, as if from nowhere.

We crossed the Plum-Rain Bridge and came to the famous waterfall. We picked our way through a bamboo grove, and suddenly we came upon a splendid purple rock. From its top hung a white mist, delicate, graceful, like the waist of a Tang beauty. We saw that we must no longer use "waterfall" as a synonym for "downpour"; the Big-Dragon Cascade was a real demonstration. It seemed as though an unseen hand had changed the torrent into the finest silvery grains. The waterfall did not seem to fall; it was tossed by the gentle hand in shower after shower to break against the rocks and divide into smaller and smaller drops. The spray billowed and scattered on the air like the skirts of ballet dancers, then fell at last into the bluish pool at the foot of the cliff as though reluctantly, each shower followed by the next for ever and for ever. From miles away we had heard its thunder, and yet now we were conscious of ecstasy, not power. To sentimentalise was futile; there was not even time to record the history of each falling silvery shower. They were at once separate and fused, momentary and eternal. I could only feel the thrill of that sober madness, the deliberate grace of nature. As we were moving away, a strange bird darted from a fissure in the cliff above us. It was as small as a swallow, fluttered its wings like a bee, and yet we could hear it singing with a sound like the ring of metal. It seemed a part of the whole mystery.

Ling-Yen is not a great temple, but hidden as it is among the mountains, it borrows magnificence from nature. Behind its chanting-tower rose the Embroidery Screen Cliff, the rock all stained with rainbow colours. At the foot of the cliff was a rather sparse bamboo grove, and in front of the Great Gate of the Temple two great crags rose perpendicularly to a thousand feet. They are called the Lion and the Flag. These great rocks cut off the temple from the rest of the world; even the sun could seldom penetrate their shadow.

While we were looking at the spring called "The Dragon Nose" a rope was being made fast at the top of the cliff. The monks of the temple had made "Cloud Mist Tea" for us, plates of melon seeds had been put ready on a table in the porch of the Great Gate. The mountaineers had promised to give us a treat, and as we were eating our melon seeds some one pointed to the top of the cliff. The rope had already been fixed at the top of the Flag, and now it was being flung across to the Lion, some eighty yards away. A man, smaller than a bat at that distance, his limbs hardly visible, came gliding down from the Flag. It was the first time that I had compared the size of a human being with the great mountains and the greyish sky. The man was apparently making for the Lion; the rope was so slender that we could see it only by straining our eyes, and on it, his legs struggling wildly, the man was turning somersaults. At one moment he lay back as though he was going to bed, at another he waved his legs in the air. He did everything he could to make the rope shake and our hearts beat, and at the same time these tricks were bringing him nearer to the centre of the rope. Then he threw down some scraps of paper or leaves, to show us how high he was above us. They fluttered in the air; goodness knows how long it was before they reached the ground. By then the little bat had reached the centre of the rope. Against the sky he was like a tiny mole on a pale face. Suddenly we heard a faint crackling noise which started the echoes in the valley. The bat had lighted a string of firecrackers. To torture our nerves still more he tied a string of crackers to the rope, and as the smoke puffed upwards we were afraid the rope would be burned in two. And then, not content with all these risks, he began to juggle with two white stone balls. As he threw them up into the air and caught them again he began to move towards the Lion. . . .

HSAIO CH'IEN

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Recruiting Officer," at the Arts

The Recruiting Officer will be running over Christmas at the Arts Theatre, and no better entertainment for the occasion can be imagined than this gay and vigorous comedy of George Farquhar. In a conscript age, military dash and bombast, the licentious soldiery, the humours of recruiting in a sleepy country town, have an especial appeal. The moment drum and fife are heard there is a flutter among the Sylvias and Rosies such as they haven't known since the last redcoat descent; our gallant men of those days had an enviable reputation—"When they aren't defending us abroad," expostulates a young lady delightedly, "they are busy debauching us at home." Bawdiness of the prettiest and most light-hearted sort bubbles continually in a comedy of neat entanglements and misunderstandings; from which in the end the army gains a squad of men and marriage two couples who will start providing recruits in another way. In two and a half hours *The Recruiting Officer* does not lose its freshness for a moment: it wears as well—on a less enchanting level, of course—as *The Beggar's Opera*. The production at the Arts Theatre lacks something in style and finish, but manages despite that to make the fun go with a bang. Mr. Clunes has introduced some nice moments of miming and buffoonery; and in the court scene of Act III, fantasy explodes wildly like a box of rockets. Trevor Howard as the recruiting officer, Elwyn Brook-Jones as his sergeant, Edward Byrne as a foppish captain, Gibb McLaughlin as a country justice, and Helen Cherry as his daughter do much to give a shapeliness to high spirits.

"North Star," at the London Pavilion and Regal

Unrealism from Hollywood, this time about the invasion of Russia. Russians don't look or talk or work or fight like this, and after seeing their own war films, we can't help making the comparison. *North Star* is sentimental and out of date; though, of course, it means well, and there are moments in Lewis Milestone's direction which escape the studio atmosphere of the whole thing. The first drone of planes overhead, the firing of the thatched village, the atrocity of children bled white to save the enemy wounded, and von Stroheim as a Nazi surgeon: these are the high lights. Quite an exciting story, that will draw a tear or two, but it seems a pity that talent and celluloid couldn't have been kept for subjects nearer home.

Correspondence

SMALL NATIONS

SIR,—As a Swede, member of a small nation, I am grateful for your frankness in telling us (October 23) that to the British, rights of small nations is so much window dressing. A small nation (to you) is "*a dwarf State*": "*It seems meaningless to talk of their independence*," because they are "*rent with class divisions*." (Britain, of course, is *not* so rent. No class differences there!) Well, we small nations now know what to expect. But I can tell you this: there is a good deal more *real* democracy in the small northern countries than in Great Britain; and as much culture, heroism, passion for justice and freedom in the Baltic States as anywhere else in Europe. But, as you (even more frankly) admitted (March 22, 1941) there is nothing objectionable to you in throwing the Baltic States to the wolf so long as the wolf's strategy is directed against your particular enemy.

SVEA

[Though "Svea" writes good English, he seems not to realise that in current English usage the term "Baltic States" is confined to the former Baltic Provinces of the Russian Empire. It means Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, and excludes Denmark, Sweden and Finland. Need we say that we rank the Scandinavian States as high in culture as any in Europe and higher in social happiness than any? The Baltic States, on the other hand, have made no special contribution to civilisation. They had all gone Fascist, and the class-war within them was so acute that Fascism and Communism, each relying on forc were the only possible alternative regimes. That mu be borne in mind when judging the Russian Occupation. We were not Russia's ally when she too this action. We refer to this letter in a leading artic —ED. N.S. & N.]

TIMBER GIRLS

SIR,—May I, as a member of the Women's Timbe Corps, that bastard offspring of the Ministry Supply and the Women's Land Army, reply Miss Sackville-West's question as to what the Lan Girls want?

(1) We should like an official definition of ou status in the war effort; we are not recognised "forces," yet some weeks ago when I applied to city transport service for workmen's travelling ticke at reduced rates, I was told that I was not eligib as I was not classed as a "workman."

(2) We should like a dress uniform to wear whe off duty. We're tired of hearing that the spit-and polish services are being issued with new types hats, shoulder-bags, etc., while we trudge aroun in the battered, much patched remnants of the complete set of uniform we manage to cajole fro uniform stores.

(3) We want regular leave every three month We know we're supposed to be tough, but in vie of the gruelling nature of our work one week a ye is inadequate for even the most hairy-chested Amazo

May I just touch upon the points stressed in Mi Sackville-West's letter? Timber Corps pay is adequate but poor compared with the rates of pay of forestr workers in general. Boys aged fifteen employed the unskilled job of emptying sawdust pits at large mill frequently receive more than the highe paid Timber Corps girl. There are no correspondenc courses for W.T.C. members, nor are we eligib for post-war positions under the Forestry Commission. Promotion, we find, generally depen upon one's social status in the county, or is a resu of personal influence with government officials. O alleged lack of morals is doubtless due to the absenc of organised interests, and, in a few cases, a thir for promotion.

We want no fanfares, no blurbs—we know we' doing a worthwhile job. What we would apprecia is a little common sense and sympathetic unde standing from our organisers.

"ANOTHER LAND GIRL"

LAND ARMY

SIR,—I have read Miss Sackville-West's crushin reply to my letter of Nov. 20, and deeply regret I have in any way been unfair to the W.L.A. Organis tion whose intentions I am sure are the best in world (if uninspired). I shall not waste your space attempting to refute her statements, many of whi give a false impression. Unfortunately, everything the garden is not lovely. It is overgrown and nee reorganising. It is out of date with the needs of moment, and is a matter for justifiable indignati and anger which I think "Landgirl" and myself ha made abundantly clear.

I venture to make the following suggestions:—

1. That all County Committees be reviewed a if necessary, restaffed.

2. District Representatives (now voluntary worke should be replaced by, or at least be under the directi of, paid professional Welfare Officers.

3. Welfare Committees should largely consist Land Girls in an advisory capacity.

4. There should be a closer contact of opini between the Land Army authorities and the La Army girl than exists at present. A more plebe quality instilled into the refined circles of the W.L might make this adjustment possible (howe deplorable it would be).

5. There should be sick bays in every county. a Land Girl is ill and her wages are stopped (9 ca out of 10) she has nothing to fall back on exc National Health and the uncertain reception of landlady (who is not munificent on, say, 22s. 6d week). A subscription of 6d. a week from 80, Land Girls would well finance such a scheme, and them more adequate medical attention than they getting now.

6. Land Army Social Centres should be set up every large town with a canteen, facilities for hold

lectures and dances, sleeping accommodation, etc. If efficiently and attractively run such centres would pay for themselves. Clubs run by the girls themselves hardly meet the case because there is practically no financial assistance.

7. That anomalies such as a raw recruit of 19 being able to earn more than an experienced girl of 25 (as exists in some counties) should be removed.

8. That all women landworkers should be included in the W.L.A., if they so wish. At the moment they are excluded if they have had more than six months' previous experience.

9. That every Land Girl after six months' service should be allowed an interview before taking on a new job; so that both sides can see what they are taking on.

In my own humble opinion, it is the type of woman in control of the Land Army who is at the root of all the dissatisfaction and resentment which is felt. They work very hard and do their best, but it is nôt good enough. A little less of Lady Blimp and a little more of plain Mrs. Smith, who can talk to Land Girls on equal terms, would be much appreciated by the average W.L.A. member, who, in the main, comes from factories, shops and offices.

Is it not time that an official enquiry was held into the conduct and administration of the W.L.A.? The happiness of over 80,000 Land Girls is at stake. If they were a less scattered sisterhood, one is inclined to think such an enquiry would have been made before. Is this right?

"EX-LANDGIRL"

THE MANAGERIAL REVOLUTION

SIR,—Mr. Davenport and myself are at cross-purposes. What we are really arguing about is the relative accuracy of Mr. Davenport's guesses about the future as opposed to mine. Meanwhile James Burnham, whose theories we both seem to detest, is left free and safe across the Atlantic, to juggle gleefully with Trotsky and Machiavelli and Sorel while his opponents slaughter each other in the pages of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

The real difference between Mr. Davenport and myself is not a match between the Burnham-Davenport Heretics and the Marx House-MacKenzie Apostles, but rests upon the meaning each of us gives to the word "class." Most of what Mr. Davenport has said is reasonable but irrelevant to Burnham's thesis. Practically the only point upon which he is in agreement with Burnham is in regarding the managers as a class in the sense that the old feudal nobility or the Whig merchants and bankers and manufacturers were a class. It is evident from his comparison of the bourgeoisie of Cromwell's day with the managers that Nicholas Davenport considers them both to be such great historical classes. I do not. And it is only by a time-worn and, I am sure, subconscious trick that the analogy can be sustained. It is done by means of a play on the word "wealth." "A class consciousness," he says, "quickly develops with the acquisition of wealth. It is developing rapidly to-day with the new class of wealthy managers." But this implies an identity between two qualitatively different things. No direct comparison can be made between the *wealth* (salaries, bank deposits, small-scale investments, little bits of real estate) of the managers and the *wealth* (mines, ships, textile factories, etc., and a substantial proportion of the national bullion assets) of the Cromwellian bourgeoisie. Their class consciousness and their ideology arose during a class struggle produced by a conflict of the economic power they already wielded in society with the old political structure which restricted further economic development.

If Mr. Davenport wishes to pursue his analogy he must establish three things. First, since he accepts the assumption that each great class has been historically associated with a particular system of production, he must prove that the managers will create a society based neither upon the profit motive nor on socialised production in the Marxist, not the Burnham, sense. And I have no reason to believe that this is possible either for the managers or for anyone else. Second, since he denies any significance to the fact that the managers are the salaried servants of a particular economic and political set-up and claims that wealth as such is the determining factor in ideologies, he must explain how the large salaries of the managers give them an outlook essentially different from that of the capitalist society within which this group has grown up. And if it isn't wealth but their technical positions or something else, then this part of his argument collapses. As I pointed out in my article, the "new myths" which are replacing the "monetary myths of the capitalist epoch" of which Mr. Davenport speaks so persuasively but vaguely, are nothing more than the myths of "organised capitalism" or "ultra-imperialism" with which Kautsky, Hilferding and Bukharin & Co. once made a great to-do. Third, he has to show how the managers—a collection of atomic individuals who lack political cohesion or organisation, who have not yet developed an ideology and who, in any way that I can see, do not possess economic power comparable to that of the old bourgeoisie—can carry out a *revolution*. According to this theory, we all wake up and find that it has happened. I hardly believe the men who fought at Naseby, or who stormed the Bastille or the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, would find more than a bitter jest in this.

Yet for the argument to mean anything else it must insist that the old Marxist analysis of classes, based on an evaluation of their social and economic function, is obsolete; that the attempt to make the managers sleep in the Procrustean bed that Marx began to build and Lenin finished in the backyard of the British Museum, is futile. The power of the managers is technological and scientific, and rests upon means other than the traditional instruments of government. At least, that is the way both Burnham and H. G. Wells have argued. And that is the real brief of the anti-Marxists on this point.

In spite of his attempt to produce creditable title-deeds for the managers which would admit them to occupy a place alongside feudal lord, merchant banker and sweaty proletarian, I think Mr. Davenport will be on my side of the barricade on Judgment Day.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

THE RIGHTS OF MAN

SIR,—You have published a sort of review by Professor and Dr. C. E. M. Joad of the threepenny pamphlet on *The Rights of Man*, issued by Poyning's Press. If you will permit me to say a word or so in response to this attack I shall appreciate the privilege. I have sustained a long-standing feud with Joad. I have pointed out time and again that he does not understand the subject he professes and that he is obstinately ignorant of the rôle of the medieval controversy between Realism and Nominalism which released the human mind to the freedom of experimental science. I must refer you to *The Outline of History* (ch. 35, sec. 6) upon this point.

Then he launches out into such statements as that "All previous Declarations of Rights, Mr. Wells surprisingly asserts, were based on the assumption that Rights, originally possessed by the ruler, were later bestowed by him upon his subjects." Of course he does not quote this "surprising assertion" of mine, for the simple reason that I do not make it. He has twisted my words to suit his purpose. He has cheated very typically. From that he sails ahead, confusing either through controversial dishonesty, or, which I think more probable, sheer muddle-headedness, *mores* with an innate sense of fairness and justice. He invents that I insist there is a moral order in the universe. So I have "gone religious." Yah! Yan! and so on. I say nothing of the sort. It's just Joad's way. I say quite plainly that there is "a conception of justice as between man and man, which overrides any alleged social inequality. We have therefore to discover what that idea of justice involves. Clearly it must be something as valid for China as for Chile, and all round the world. There must be things against which every man's spirit rebels; things he will only "stand" under duress, when his spirit is broken by horrible alternatives. Any efficient statement of human rights must establish a hard and fast barrier

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between the natural dignity of man and all such horrible alternatives."

Then again the mere crude sketch I give of a possible revival of that excellent and ancient institution, the jury system, as an alternative to the nuisance of party government, is misrepresented in the same dull or disingenuous way. Joad is now not only a Professor of evening classes in London, a Doctor of some degree-giving institution in the southern United States and the leading wit of the so-called Brains Trust; he is at the crest of an industrious career, and he owes it now to himself to behave with more grace and dignity than he displays in these gross impertinences.

H. G. WELLS.

Regent's Park, N.W.1.

[Dr. Joad writes: The passage to which I referred about all *previous* Declarations of Rights being in Mr. Wells's view based on the assumption that rights are possessed by a ruler seems fairly explicit.

> An examination of the history of various preceding Declarations led to the repudiation of the idea that the Rights of Man are to be considered something given from a ruler. They are not a concession; they are innate. Yet there has always been the assumption of a concession in these previous Declarations. The phrase "Petition of Rights" conveys it very well. The attitude was of men coming with grievances to a higher power.

If I have misunderstood Mr. Wells by attributing to him by implication the view that a moral order exists, I am sorry. I have reread the pamphlet and still think this *is* implicit in what he says. I hope that other people will also read the pamphlet, and express the hope that Mr. Wells will not in future be too ready to impute dishonest motives to a disinterested reviewer, who, by the way, is not, and has never called himself a Professor.—ED. "N.S. & N."]

THE GUARDS

SIR,—With deference to Mr. O'Halloran, one regrets that the review of *Some Talk of Alexander* was not written by someone who had experienced the brutalities of Caterham, suffered the bullying (at times bestial) of non-commissioned and warrant officers, despised the low grade of intelligence of some of the aristocratic officers, and fought side by side with other products of the inhuman soldier-making system of the Foot Guards.

Your reviewer's doubt as to whether the horrors of training succeed in producing fearless fighters as well as parade-ground paragons may be resolved by consulting *A Brass Hat in No Man's Land*, by the late Brig-Gen. F. P. Crozier, who became a pacifist. In several places Crozier praises the fighting qualities of Guardsmen, as when he remarks that a Brigade of Guards was on one flank, so he knew that that wing was safe. The question remains as to whether the same result could be achieved with less damned foolery about presenting arms and blancoing equipment. No one knows the answer, for the Guards have never been treated like human beings, but it is surely worth while to experiment so long as the necessity exists for the output of troops who will be even steadier in action than those turned out by the Prussian military machine.

Mr. O'Halloran seems to accept the assumption that the finished article of our British brand of Prussianism is the standardised epitome of vices that are hardly separable from Army life, but in this respect the atmosphere is not all that worse than in any big factory, and a man who has the obstinacy (call it moral force, if you will) to rise above it can do so. Even now I do not know whether to be proud or ashamed of my priggishness in having kept free, during four years of wartime service in the Guards, from beer-guzzling, obscenity of language and sexual promiscuity.

Those who think that former Guardsmen are useless in civil life except as commissionaires might be surprised at the subsequent careers of some of them. Mr. Stephen Graham went through the devil's mill at Caterham, though it is true he was already a writer when he joined the Scots Guards. A comrade of my own in the Grenadiers is Foreign Editor of the *News Chronicle*, and the two books mentioned in your review also prove that a literary bent can survive the dreariness of the barrack-square, the nonsense of spit-and-polish, and the filthy insults of sergeant-majors who were Bull Ring costermongers before they enlisted for the sake of a big dinner.

JACK WOOD

35 Woodstock Road,
Birmingham, 13.

FATHER AND SON

SIR,—Major Gwilym Lloyd George is in part responsible for the industrial conscription of the miners, who object to being made to work for private owners, and demand the nationalisation of the mines, or at least the taking over of financial control by the State.

Mr. David Lloyd George, who was responsible for industrial man-power in the last war, makes the following comment in his Memoirs on what his son is doing to-day:

> "As regards the control of our man-power, our difficulty throughout the war with the representatives of labour centred around the suspicion of profiteering by the proprietors of works engaged on Government contracts, so that the workers in them had not the same feeling of direct or whole-hearted national service that they developed in the Army or Navy. *To conscript men for industry seemed to the workers equivalent to forcing them by law to work for the benefit of private capitalists—a proceeding to which they would quite rightly have resisted to the uttermost.*" (Italics mine.)

A SOCIALIST

THE YUGOSLAV GOVERNMENT

SIR,—I have no intention of following Dr. Krnjević through the maze of pre-war Yugoslav dictatorships, particularly as it is not likely to help much in establishing the facts as to what Macek knew about the Pact with Hitler before it was completed. For even under dictatorships, political party leaders have a habit of knowing more than they should theoretically know about what is going on. My information, may I say from the outset, is not based *only* on Serb sources, which Dr. Krnjević would probably disclaim.

With regard to the critical days between March 27th and April 6th, 1941, there is no question about Macek's wholehearted support of the Pact. Since Dr. Krnjević deals at such length with this period, he might have told us more of Macek's attitude. For the Croat Peasant Party Leader emphatically declared at meetings with Serb politicians that he would not remain in the Government if the Pact was not honoured, and on more than one occasion he implored the Serbs to yield to Hitler on all points or he would resign.

Of course, the Serbs sought "to placate Berlin," as Dr. Krnjević says. The fact was that both Serb and Croat political leaders realised the catastrophe looming ahead and they were doing everything possible to play for time. Belgrade was not the only state Capital in which an appeasement policy was followed between 1937 and 1941!

Such facts are stated, not to attack Macek, but rather in order that a truer picture of the Serbo-Croat position may be obtained. In fact, the present writer would like to express the hope that—unless it has already been done—some of the Yugoslav leaders who were in Belgrade at that time will give a detailed account of what then happened, in the interests of historical truth (Dr. Krnjević himself was, I think, in Zagreb at this time).

Differences between Serbs and Croats on certain matters of detail (albeit important detail) will take generations to eliminate, but friends of Yugoslavia still hope that agreement on a sufficient number of fundamentals should be possible to make the future of Yugoslavia a fact. But this will hardly be possible if one side believes that it is all right and the other all wrong.

Dr. Krnjević's idea of the possible treatment which would be meted out to Macek in London is certainly contrary to the view of certain leading British authorities on Yugoslavia and of a number of Serbs who have often said with a sigh: "If only Macek had come out of Yugoslavia."

ROBERT POWELL

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Paddling, not long ago, down the stream of a very agreeable fiction—Mr. Evelyn Waugh's *Put Out More Flags*, I fancy—I had my hat lifted by a branch. Unexpectedly, in the middle of adventures, came a reference to "the best biography in the English language." One of the characters had picked up a book, if I remember, and this was Mr. Waugh's terse description of it. And the book's title? There, of course, was the surprise; twenty shots, if the answer had been put off to a footnote, wouldn't have enabled the reader to score a hit. The best biography was —have you guessed?—*Nollekens and His Times*.

I wonder how many this whacking recommendation sent running to a book they had never heard of; how many also, among those who had known *Nollekens* and its author J. T. Smith for years, were disconcerted to find a favourite thus dragged into the daylight. Part of its charm lay in the fact that it had *not* been trampled over by too large a public; it was a minor classic, decently obscure, permanently (so it seemed) undervalued; one read it, one reread it, one exalted it in conversation, but rarely, if ever, in print. For one thing, it was a book of uneven and curious virtues, and its appeal was local; only those who knew well, or wanted to know well, eighteenth-century London would find its divagations amusing. It comes somewhat after Boswell in time (Johnson and Boswell make a couple of lively appearances in the early pages), and a long way after in literary merit. If there's to be a competition for the "best biography," here is, perhaps, a likely dolphin to set beside the great white whale. Nollekens is a good, a first-rate catch; he isn't the Doctor. He can pull faces, dance, growl, startle, amuse by an unabashed display of human slovenliness; he is not more on guard in the presence of his biographer (or of anyone else, for that matter) than a mongrel that sits on a doorstep to scratch itself. But he could never fill page after page with greatness, and the part he plays in the book bearing his name, though central, is comparatively slight. Gossip and town lore provide the all-important background.

As an "original," though, a rare and perfect specimen, how cunningly he has been caught! One thinks of some burrowing animal, with unbelievable habits, surprised by the photographer. Fuseli or Blake, seen in the distance, appear the most ordinary of mortals by comparison. The acquaintance, if not the friend, of Reynolds, Johnson and Garrick, yet in talk and behaviour "little more than one remove from an idiot." Most fashionable sculptor of his day, and living in circumstances of unexampled squalor. A miser, with a fortune of £200,000. Stole the nutmegs year after year—a sight grown familiar to those who attended—at Royal Academy banquets. Never known to mention Shakespeare. Bow-legged, hook-nosed, pitiably clad, common in his speech, dirty in an age not over-sensitive to dirt.

> When he first was a frequenter of the Opera, which he never missed when "*bones*" of admission were sent to him, gentlemen were obliged to go in swords and bags in full-dress, which custom, however, was dropped, on removal to the Pantheon; so that Nollekens was more at home, as he was now and then seen to take out a worsted stocking and tie it round his neck, whenever he had a sore throat, to which he was often subject. James Boswell, the faithful biographer of Dr. Johnson, meeting him in the pit of the Pantheon, loudly exclaimed, "Why, Nollekens, how dirty you go now! I recollect when you were the gayest dressed of any in the house." To whom Nollekens made, for once in his life, the retort-courteous of "That's more than I could ever say of you." Boswell certainly looked very badly when dressed; for, as he seldom washed himself, his clean ruffles served as a striking contrast to his dirty flesh.

Almost every glimpse of this strange individual, chiselling a correct Venus or a portrait bust, freezing a celebrated sitter to death in fireless rooms, giving orders that a hungry beggar should have "the bone with little or no meat on it," adds another stroke of the grotesque, and reconciles us—this is the book's touch of genius —to the unfathomable oddity of human nature.

For Nolly, despite his faults, is not unlikeable: rather the reverse. His miserliness, even, is a source of endless and delicate exploration. With such a character, it seems to me, the biographer, copying from life and face to face every day with improbability, has an advantage over the novelist, who would tend to create *his* Nollekens either terrible or disgusting, futile or tragic—can one think of a single amiable life-size miser in fiction? Nollekens never towers, barely disgusts; he is certainly not pathetic; and the artful malice with which his portrait is drawn whets curiosity and even affection. His biographer, instead of trying to build up his subject, lets slip from a wealth of knowledge the most surprising and comic details, as though by accident. Take, for example, the paragraphs depicting Mrs. Nollekens at her wedding. She was rather too tall, he says, *scorney* (in her husband's phrase), but graceful, with a fresh complexion and beautiful hair. He goes on to describe her wedding-dress in detail, ending:

> . . . Her beautiful auburn hair, which she never disguised by the use of powder, according to the fashion of the day, was, upon this occasion, arranged over a cushion made to fit the head to a considerable height, with large round curls on either side; the whole being surmounted by a small cap of point-lace, with plaited flaps, to correspond with the apron and ruffles. Her shoes were composed of the same material as her dress, ornamented with silver spangles and square Bristol buckles, with heels three inches and a-half in height; as if she meant to exult in out-topping her little husband, whose head, even when he had his hat on, reached no higher than her shoulder.

To relish the full force of that last sentence, with its magical presentation of the little man at the end—hey, presto!—one must have read the elaborate page and a half of description that goes before.

There are other moments almost as breathtaking, usually in the loving depiction of miserliness ("parsimonious habits, *passim*," says the index), in which Mrs. Nollekens learnt from her husband and ended by surpassing him. While at Academy banquets he slipped the nutmegs into his pocket, and even crawled under the table to retrieve one that had fallen, she made the excuse to lift a clove or a pinch of cinnamon at the grocer's. He "was very fond of his ruffles, and continued to wear them long after they had become unfashionable—indeed, until they were worn out"; she was clad always in such rags that at the doctor's she succeeded in passing herself off as a poor patient until recognised and denounced.

So the revelations in Mortimer Street—morsel after decaying dainty morsel served up on the platter of reminiscence—go on. Delicious to watch this pair on a Sunday morning setting off for church; calipers (in Smith's phrase) and compasses; long legs and little bow-legs side by side; until at the corner, without a word, they part, one to attend chapel, the other to go Romewards. Occasionally—and it's an occasion, indeed—there may be company to dinner and then, whatever the lack of wine or viands, there will be words about a lost back-scratch ("Where was it? Why, under the pillow of your bed!") and about the servant Bronze ("I never liked that woman—her mouth looks so much like the rump of a chicken"). Once, to the general astonishment, some new furniture makes its appearance in the drawing-room; and Mrs. Nollekens allows visitors to peep, holding the door ajar for the purpose. Or a caller sits shivering in another room where (says Nolly, bustling in and genially rubbing his hands) there hasn't been a fire for forty years. Or Nolly sits with his spouse and reads, in his broken English, a newspaper aloud, "beginning with the playbills and ending with the Editor's address." . . . No wonder Fuseli, encountering him one day, cries from the other pavement, "Nollekens, Nollekens! why do you walk in the sun? If you have no love for your few brains, you should not melt your coat-buttons."

Happy Nollekens! For, of course, he must have been, comparatively, a happy man. The successful and eccentric usually are. And lucky Smith! Their friendship certainly struck a spark in the otherwise gossipy and sedate keeper of the Prints at the British Museum. Nothing eccentric about *him*, except the fact, duly tabulated on the back of the title page, that he was born in a hackney-coach in London on June 23rd, 1766. He rambles to and fro over the London of his times, noting the street cries, an old house gone, a shop famous for its lemon curd, Sir Joshua's carriage drawn up by a sidewalk, the newly exhibited Elgin marbles, the scandal over Angelica Kauffmann and the living male model (nothing in it, one is glad to hear), but coming back always for refreshment to the incomparable freak-show in Mortimer Street. No detail or happening, no change in the townscape, but seems to possess a friendly interest. London was small enough for those living in it to feel they belonged there, and a beggar might become as famous in his way as the Lord Chief Justice. The street names still possessed a meaning; pavements weren't yet, as in a nightmare, projected to infinity; one step would take you out of town and into country. Smith gives a delightful picture of a London that to-day must be hunted down in odd corners and old prints; coming and going, he gathers his material with the leisurely preoccupation of a park-keeper doing the rounds with a spiked stick. The charm of this, the greater part of his book, may or may not attract readers: the more we feel for local history and gossip, the more we are likely to enjoy *Nollekens and His Times* as a whole.

In another volume, *A Book for a Rainy Day*, he adds to his haphazard chronicle of London. Year by year until 1833, the date of his death, he goes on collecting anecdotes, recording minor events, making excursions, seeing the sights, and pursuing the sort of knowledge that brought him the nickname of Antiquity Smith. A letter from Garrick, a programme of the music at Mary-le-bone Gardens, the descent of a balloon carrying a kitten provide him with gobbets. Here is an extract that gives the anecdotal flavour:

> The ground behind the north-west end of Russell Street was occupied by a farm occupied by two old maiden sisters of the name of Capper. They wore riding-habits, and men's hats; one rode an old grey mare, and it was her spiteful delight to ride with a large pair of shears after boys who were flying their kites, purposely to cut their strings; the other sister's business was to seize the clothes of the lads who trespassed on their premises to bathe.

And he does not disdain fashion:

> (1776) Ladies this year wore goloshes, four distinct falls of lace from the hat to the shoulders, and rolled curls on either side of the neck: they continued to carry fans.

Smith's other writings, of a less general and more antiquarian interest, include *Vagabondiana*, *London Street Cries*, and *The Streets of London* (with Anecdotes of their More Celebrated Residents). *Nollekens* is—or was—obtainable in the World's Classics (Oxford, 3s.), or more sumptuously, with notes and illustrations, in the two volumes edited by Wilfrid Whitten (John Lane). *A Book for a Rainy Day* was hard enough to come by before the war, so that by now, I'm afraid, it must almost have vanished out of the memory of booksellers. A modern edition has been long overdue; and perhaps some publisher, with the paper and a taste for reprints, would consider bringing it out—say Messrs. Werner Laurie with their Live Books Resurrected, a category it fits perfectly.

G. W. Stonier

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THE HUMAN CONDITION

The Barricades. By PHILIP TOYNBEE. *Putnam.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The younger English novelists of talent begin to have the character of a group, with common tricks, twitches, style and outlook. I would call them the Childe Harold school of fiction. We are led speedily along a personal itinerary. We are taken into a number of private or semi-private worlds recognisable by a smattering of class signals and the innuendoes of education. We are allowed to stay in these worlds long enough to form a very clear impression of people—so clear that the impression may stick in our heads for a lifetime, but we are whisked away lest we blur that outline, filling it in with the long, foolish or tragic drama of human relationships. The modern novelist is revolted by the explicit; an expert in implications, he likes to be known by the things he has left out. It is a point of honour to notice that human relations do not come to anything; that a characteristic of our time is the failure to make contact because of the ease of contacts. Like Childe Harold arriving on his promontory and looking at the sea, we are expected to exclaim, at the sight of a new face, or another life, "Is this the Mighty Ocean? Is this *all?*" And move off quickly in case it is *not* all and there is more to it than the eye would care to meet. These avoiding movements are endemic in the modern novel; and the critic (who must be as clear about what is left out as about what is left in) cannot help suspecting that his contemporaries have established themselves in a half-way house. A writer's first novel, one used to say, was all about himself. There followed one or two books about the differences between himself and other people; and then, at last, in maturity, the self was dropped or diffused and the writer got down to the real business of the novelist: the differences between people. Childe Harold belongs to the intermediate stage.

The answer to this criticism, the answer which is suggested by Mr. Philip Toynbee's *The Barricades,* is that there is a new tacit character in his novel, the tacit character which dogs, shadows, nags and looms in all lives: the situation of our time, the condition of the world, our strange condition of life in which public events have dwarfed personal life or driven it underground. The novelist is not really writing about the relation of people to himself, but of people to this "shadowy third"—the situation. We used to be related to one another; now we are related only to "it," and like characters in the novels of Stendhal, negotiate our friends with the irony of the lesser Powers which are privately arming. The story of Mr. Toynbee's novel is simple. The scene is London of the Spanish civil war period. A boy of eighteen runs away from his Public School, with the idea of joining the International Brigade. He arrives in London, fanatical, violent, embarrassed, ignorant. He scornfully resists the dissuasion of his acquaintances—he has no friends—but is subdued by a devouring mistress who takes him to a country house and reveals to him the pleasure of the lazy battle of passion in an atmosphere of sunbathing, butlers, drink and D. H. Lawrence. Then, when she drops him, thinking the job is done, he does go out to Spain. Hardly less important is the boy's schoolmaster, Rawlins. Rawlins is the Childe Harold, thirty-seven, sacked for drunkenness, sick of his rut, who attaches himself to a number of wealthy people in London, Paris and the South of France; indeed, *The Barricades* is really about the relation of a lot of people to Rawlins, whose purpose in life is the fine art of keeping your end up. At this he amusingly succeeds. The rats cannot ever quite make up their minds to leave this sinking ship. And beyond the farcical story of Rawlins's travels, with the pathetic Lord Woodstock, with Igor, the malicious choreographer, or his more cautious relations with the schoolboy's father and the devouring mistress, is the muted enquiry of the theme: Why are there barricades between people? The twenties are cut off from the thirties, the rich from the not so rich, men from women, the poor from all. The schoolmaster cannot explain himself to his Jewish friend, the boy cannot explain himself to anyone. Lord Woodstock weeps petulantly on his pyramid of wealth. No one meets the people he wants to meet. At the best everyone is a friend of a friend. Everywhere there is dissociation. As London and France come nearer to the edge of the precipice, people scatter with as much food, drink and love as they can lay hands on and hide their eyes from the coming plunge.

Mr. Toynbee is an intellectual: supple minded, sensitive, witty, brilliant—too brilliant, one might say, for all his characters except the schoolboy, who is admirably drawn. The end of the novel is rather lame. Mr. Toynbee is too clever for the other people, and the fact is that Rawlins is not the man to bring out their real story. He is too convenient a projection of the author and does not—perhaps dare not—give the other characters a chance. They are impressions, not protagonists.

The contemporary novel has a liaison with life, not a marriage, and in consequence Mr. Toynbee's talent comes out best in the narrative passages—I am thinking of the remarkable description of a 14 Juillet in Paris—in the originality of his pictures of pre-war London, a collection of windscreen and flat window views. Especially he has a sensibility that is fluent, quickly aware of change in people and things. There is no need (Mr. Toynbee might be imagined saying) to talk about the differences between people, look how this person is himself a collection of differences, how a love affair has an always changing weather, how one changes from one drink to another. A novelist's business is to be aware of these differences, and for this Mr. Toynbee is superlatively equipped. His many descriptions of drunkenness are scientific gems, and if I have made him sound too assured, too sardonic, too raffish in his flights, and too wounded when he settles quietly, I must point to a tenderness, an honest nostalgia and a fundamental seriousness which take the rawness out of the book. It is a big advance on *School in Private,* and if it can't be said to have digested the 30's or the appeasement period, it has avoided the clichés which have so far made that period quite indigestible. Mr. Toynbee is a novelist who is getting to like the human race which, in this sociable art, is, I am sure, a sign-post to maturity. There is no dead wood in his prose, and he has the best kind of nonchalant humour.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A PROP OF OUR CIVILISATION

The Parents' Responsibility For Their Children. By L. G. HOUSDEN, M.D. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

This valuable book is published on behalf of "The National Association of Maternity and Child Welfare Centres; and for the Prevention of Infant Mortality." In the middle of the title-page is printed this quotation from a recent speech of Lord Snell's: "Whatever changes we make in education and environment, there will be no lasting cure until there is a deeper sense of parental responsibility towards the children who are born." Such is the title and such the key-note of the book which we are invited to consider.

In his introductory chapter, the author writes:

> It is a sorrowful experience to survey the modern family and to compare the little joy that often exists in it with the far greater amount that there could so easily be with the expenditure of so very little trouble. This condition of family unhappiness has been aggravated by the modern trend of education, through which excellent training in the care and guidance of children is given to everyone except the parents. Of the parents, less and less is expected, and with the removal of responsibility is also removed interest. As long as the civilised unit is the family—and it seems a very natural unit—it is the parents who should be encouraged to be responsible for their children, and who should be educated to be able to be responsible for them.

The problem which confronts us is not a simple one. For we are not born unselfish. The baby does not feel for its mother's nipple for unselfish reasons, though the mother responds with love and tenderness, forgetting the pains she has so recently undergone. So far, so good. The "good mother" goes on caring for her child whilst the "good father" goes off to earn the material requirements of his wife and himself—and therefore, indirectly, of their newborn child. Before long, however, the difference in inherent make-up between one father and another begins to show itself. In one, the impulse or instinct of pride predominates, and all may go well. His baby, his child, is the best baby ever; and his wife the best mother. In another father, the instinct or impulse of curiosity and reason predominates; he sees his baby acting and looking very much like other babies; he has no wish to swank about it. He is curious about many things, and interested about many things, quite outside his home. The monogamic, monandrous family, is not for him; and this type of parent would seem to be increasing in number with the progress of civilisation.

Dr. Housden says that there are many factors which enter into the formation of a comfortable and attractive home. "There are the personal characteristics which make harmonious co-operation possible, such as truth, honesty, unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others." But are strict honesty and thoughtfulness for others always compatible? Are there not moments and occasions when a "white lie" is a far kinder thing than "honest" candour? One cannot help wondering if there is any inherent quality of man and woman more generally cultivable than courtesy. But this, perhaps, is a digression. Dr. Housden's book is, on the whole, one of the best, most helpful, and most scientifically practical, that could be put into the hands of teachers, social workers and reasonably intelligent parents. HARRY ROBERTS

TRAVELLER FROM TOKYO

Traveller from Tokyo. By JOHN MORRIS. *Cresset Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This is the best account of Japanese life to be read in English. Primarily it is a skilful record of a personal experience; it only becomes a political analysis because Mr. Morris was in Japan at the time of the attack on Pearl Harbour and for seven months after it.

Mr. Morris is interesting about Japanese subtlety and not surprised to find it a match for Western cocksureness. What European nation, for instance, would have encouraged wrong ideas about its military efficiency by an elaborately staged imposture for the benefit of an American officer who officially reported that the Japanese machine guns were inferior to his own and the system of signalling all wrong? What other general staff would have deliberately chosen "the most obsolete designs that could be exhibited without arousing suspicion" for a display of the world's latest military aircraft?

This policy of cunning and deceit is married in Japan with modern efficiency and primitive superstition. It is odd, for instance, to have an efficient telephone system and be horrified by the omen of a telephone number. Terrible, for instance, to have as one's number in the Directory "1564" (*hito-go-ro-shi*), because when spoken that number sounds "man gets murdered."

It is the student and educational world which Mr. Morris knows best—a world which the diplomat often fails to understand. The students surprised him "by their sensitiveness, their sensibility and range of their interests." Many of them were well aware of the deficiencies of their own educational system which one of them once described as "the mass production of bureaucrats." For months Mr. Morris found it difficult to establish any intimacy with his class.

He felt the ice was really broken through when he found the following notice written on the blackboard: "Sir, to-day we do not wish lecture on T. S. Eliot. We wish practical hearing King's English, and hope for intimate lecture on details of your love-life. Have you visited Japanese gay quarter?"

The chief anxiety of the Japanese is to absorb the ideas of the foreigner whom they despise. They claim that "their peculiar genius lies in improving foreign culture and adapting it to their own peculiar needs." After Pearl Harbour Japanese reactionaries who clamoured for the suppression of English teaching had to be silenced by the Prime Minister; he explained that Japan would require "large numbers of English speakers to administer our conquered territories. In Australia alone the figure will be enormous."

Mr. Morris divides the student and intellectual classes into three distinct sections: those up to 25 who received their early education when Liberal thought was still comparatively popular. The group from 25 to 45 contains the most reactionary elements. Their Western education has not saved them from an almost insane nationalism. Lastly, many of the older people seek mental peace in the security of tradition. Unfortunately Mr. Morris seems never to have mixed with peasants or workers—a large proportion of the Japanese people, few of whom could have had much opportunity of knowing any other tradition than Japanese.

The second part of *Traveller from Tokyo* describes the period from December 1941 to July 21st, 1942, during which, with the nominal post of British Adviser to the Japanese Foreign Office, Mr. Morris was probably the only Englishman in Japan allowed complete freedom of action. He is convinced that the Japanese Government, whose representatives were negotiating with Roosevelt when the first bombs were dropped on Pearl Harbour, was taken unawares. This would not be surprising, the same independent military action began the Manchurian war in 1931. The Army rules in Japanese politics; in fact, says Mr. Morris, "the Army *is* the Government." He adds that "any talk of Japanese collapse is merely a dangerous form of wishful thinking," and that "it is only by complete physical destruction of their men and their resources that Japan can be defeated." Army training is rigorous; the soldiers' discipline "based on fear"; their traditional belief is that there is no greater honour than to die in battle, and they are convinced that theirs is a divine mission to conquer the world.

Mr. Morris, however, is much too intelligent to imagine that victory is purely a military affair, and his remarks about the Army should be carefully read by those who conduct our political warfare. He points out that victory will be only the beginning of a new chapter in our relations with Japan. "Occupation, demilitarisation, opportunity must follow defeat if we are to avoid the grave risk of sowing the seeds for a war of revenge."

DOROTHY WOODMAN

A MAGISTRATE'S CASE-BOOK

Crime and Psychology. By CLAUD MULLINS. *Methuen.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

Lord Alverstone was once asked at a dinner whether, as Lord Chief Justice, he was interested in books on criminology and penology. "I never read any," he said; "I prefer to rely on common sense." Bluff, manly, matter-of-fact; common sense as the foundation of that common law which Coke had called "the perfection of reason." How many Judges of to-day would answer differently if asked about the literature of psychology, a science in the sense that "criminology" never was? The immense discovery of the sub-conscious mind, especially Jung's picture of it as "the collective unconscious . . . the mighty spiritual inheritance of human development, reborn in every individual constitution," has so far made little stir in the legal world. Yet, as Mr. Mullins says in this exciting book, there is a danger that public respect for the administration of criminal justice may be undermined through the growth of knowledge and interest in psychology. And when the criminal law ceases to command the assent and respect of the people, juries have always had a way of ensuring, by wilfully perverse verdicts, that the law is changed.

Mr. Mullins needs no introduction to anyone interested in penal reform, though as a Metropolitan magistrate he has, by his escape from orthodoxy, inevitably attracted the smellers-out of "human stories" for the evening papers, and has paid the modern penalty of judicial fame in the blaze of publicity they have thrown upon his least significant "asides" in Court. Though he would not claim it, he is a crusader; and we shall have cause to be grateful to him for what he is doing.

When a book of this nature comes from an experienced London magistrate, blind and enthusiastic optimism will not be expected in it. But although it is accordingly a measured and careful account of the experimental work in the scientific treatment of delinquency that has been made possible by the intelligence and understanding of Mr. Mullins's administration at South-Western Police Court, it is a fascinating book, challenging, eager, infectious, plainly written, a book for Everyman.

Rejecting the extreme view that man is wholly directed by unconscious forces, Mr. Mullins acknowledges as a scientific fact that—

> *Some* of the conduct which society for its own protection terms criminal . . . is in reality not a consequence of deliberate choice. It is fundamental in all schools of psychology that many, sane and able to live apparently normal lives, cannot in particular spheres of action be regarded as responsible. This is a factor which the criminal law has not yet accepted.

So in the absence of official provision for psychotherapy, he refers suitable (and willing) cases to the Tavistock Clinic, to the Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency, and to a few medicos of proved worth in the South-Western district, all of whom give their services without charge. But what a struggle it is! People in jobs are often unable to attend the clinics or the doctors' surgeries; those whose cases necessitate living for a time in institutions find that wardens of hostels are often antagonistic to the whole idea of psychotherapy and become discouraged. Lawyers, obedient to their "strange tradition" that to get a verdict of not guilty when the evidence is all the other way is a professional triumph, seldom realise the possibility that a defence will injure a delinquent psychologically by "intensifying his façade of innocence." At present the law says that, before you can bring to Court a child victim of sexual outrage as being "in need of care and protection," you must *convict* the assailant, not merely charge him or even put him on probation after finding him guilty—nothing can be done for the victim of an acquitted man, and juries acquit most of them through sheer incredulity. The records of cases suitable for the psychiatrist lie in many scattered files—"the police have their records, the probation officers theirs, others are at the remand prison . . . We muddle through." The jargon used by psychologists in their reports irritates and antagonises the intelligent, and at the same time, by sprinkling the vernacular with meaningless catch-phrases, has brought itself into disrepute with the stupid; and, says Mr. Mullins, "in all my efforts to utilise psychology to remove the causes of criminal conduct I have always felt that the police were merely regarding me as peculiar; they do not seem to me to worry about the trouble that might lie ahead for them if I gave

Christmas
1943

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a sentence of imprisonment, which must often leave the criminal in a worse state than before."

Nearly all the law reforms proposed in this book are so long overdue that a less buoyant spirit than Mr. Mullins must contemplate the list with despair. Most of them, perhaps, must follow rather than precede that recognition of psychotherapy which will one day be forced upon our hide-bound legal institutions. The time is not yet ripe, for instance, to abolish juries or to eliminate the traditional court sentence and provide instead for a diagnostic council to prescribe treatment for the guilty. It will come. But if anyone doubts that the psychologist faces an appalling task in getting ordinary people to admit the existence, let alone the completely unmoral potency, of the sub-conscious mind, let him try discussing it with the man next door.

C. H. Rolph

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

A.B.C. Book. Counting Book. Baby Puffin Books. *6d.* each.

Henrietta the Faithful Hen. By Kathleen Hale. *Transatlantic Arts.* *8s. 6d.*

William and Cherry. By Merula Salaman. *Cresset Press.* *7s. 6d.*

Little Reuben Stories. By Richard Strachey. *Transatlantic Arts.* *5s.*

Secret Service. By Norman Dale. *Lane.* *6s.*

Trees in Britain. By S. R. Badmin. Puffin Books. *9d.*

The Little History of the United States. By Mable Pyne. *Oxford Press.* *7s. 6d.*

The American Twins of the Revolution. The Pioneer Twins. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. *Cape.* *5s. each.*

Maggie the Streamlined Taxi. By Hilary Stebbing. *Transatlantic Arts.* *5s.*

The Obliging Elephant. By Brian Grimshaw. *Hammond.* *7s. 6d.*

Anthony and Antimacassar. By Mary and Rowland Emett. *Faber.* *6s.*

Behind the Waterfall. By Elisabeth Kyle. *Peter Davies.* *8s. 6d.*

The Monster of Widgeon Weir. By M. E. Atkinson. *Lane.* *7s. 6d.*

Five Go Adventuring Again. By Enid Blyton. *Hodder and Stoughton.* *5s.*

Out of a Handkerchief. By Frances E. Jacobs. *Hammond.* *5s.*

Banana Circus. By Margaret Fisher and Henry Rox. *Hammond.* *7s. 6d.*

This year's Children's Books may be like this year's turkeys, thin and expensive, but they are well printed, mostly have good pictures, and there are enough to choose from. Here is my selection of the best.

The Baby Puffin *A B C* and *Counting Book* ought to be in the Christmas stocking of every child under five. No one is likely to take against the primary facts of life who has these delightful pictures (an Owl riding an Overcoated Ostrich past a bed of Onions, or an Indian leaping from an Inkpot to get himself an Ice-cream) to help him.

Among the picture-books for children from 5 to 9 there is *Henrietta the Hen*, by the artist who has made Orlando a nursery character. Henrietta and her equally gallinaceous mistress are to be seen in large brightly coloured pictures of complicated Baroque splendour. *William and Cherry* is an innocent tale of a little boy and his pet cow who set up a dairy together in Kensington Gardens. It is in the Babar tradition, even following the slightly irritating habit of printing the text in handwriting, which many children find much harder to read. Also for this age, but depending more upon the text than the pictures, there is *Little Reuben Stories*, one of the best children's books I have seen for some time. The writer for children must make his choice. Is he to present a suitable selection from his adult vision of the world? In that case he must not condescend nor wink across the page at other adults. Is he to lower his head to the child's own viewpoint and contrive to see tables, chairs, animals and people in childish perspective? In that case he must avoid reminding us of a fat man dressed as a baby at a fancy dress ball. *Little Reuben* succeeds, where many fail, in the latter alternative.

The best of the Adventure books for older children is *Secret Service* (specially suitable for boys of 7 to 11), a lively story of two evacuees who track a German prisoner and finally bring about the sinking of a U-boat. The conversations are in the "okey-doke" style—a pleasant change from "jolly decent" and "awfully super."

Other good presents to suit all tastes are :—

Informative : The Puffin *Trees in Britain* is a model of its kind. It is, in fact, the best book on trees I have seen of any size or at any price, and has excellent, clear pictures of trees in summer and winter shape as well as details of bud and leaf. Children on the whole like the distinction between work and play to be kept. They will respect a book of pure information even if not at the moment interested, and put it on their shelf to be taken down perhaps later—whereas the sugar-coated pill will be brushed aside for good and all. For this reason the *Little History of the United States*, a pictorial attempt to make little Britons interested in little Yankees and their history, will not, I think, appeal to many. Two new volumes in the popular *Twins* series, *The American Twins of the Revolution* and *The Pioneer Twins* contain a dose of geography and history, but the sugar coating is pretty thick.

Funny (5 to 9) : *Maggie the Streamlined Taxi* is for car-minded little boys, and has particularly good pictures ; the Baron de Bong reappears in *The Obliging Elephant ;* and *Anthony and Antimacassar* is fantastical nonsense concocted from Heath Robinson, Edward Lear and a good deal of water.

Adventure Books (8 to 14) : Two good and straightforward stories are *Behind the Waterfall*, Miss Kyle's third book about the West Highlands, wild tinkers and smugglers' hoards, and *Five Go Adventuring Again* (secret passages, spies, and stolen formulas). Miss M. E. Atkinson in her new book has the excellent idea of making what seems to be a Loch Ness Monster crop up in the quiet Thames. Her heroes, the Lockett family, are becoming more highbrow and have taken to quoting Shakespeare and reflecting upon evolution. They still are, as they have always been to my mind, prigs and snobs. Her girls of fifteen would rather die than try to look nice—the only thing that matters in doing your hair is "to get it out of the way" ; and they are electrified by titles—"After all her mother might be a countess, but it didn't seem to alter her at all, even when you *knew*."

Last of all come two oddities which might amuse some wretched child that has to spend Christmas in bed—*Out of a Handkerchief*, which shows clearly how to make a bride, a hippopotamus or a fan from this simple material ; and *Banana Circus*, illustrated by photos of animated oranges, bananas and pineapples walking tightropes and playing on concertinas. But I dare say many children have forgotten what such fruit looks like.

Frances Bird

CHRISTMAS. Give a postal subscription to this paper to a member of the Forees or a friend overseas. *Rates on p.* 403.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 724

Set by Roger Marvell

Prizes of four guineas are offered for the best extracts of not more than 25 words from a sequel to *Mansfield Park*, in which Mrs. Norris brings a present to Fanny on the first Christmas after her marriage.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, December 27

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 721

Set by Saint-Loup

When one reaches the age of twenty-one, kind uncles and aunts sometimes send letters packed with good advice. The usual prizes are offered for letters in a similar style (of not more than 200 words) addressed to the B.B.C. on its 21st birthday.

Report by Saint-Loup

Most of the letters were friendly, and showed that the less "popular" programmes of the B.B.C. are appreciated—a fact easily overlooked because sensible persons have less spare time than fools for making protests. A great number of letters recommended more time for classical music on gramophone records. Sailor complained that the more serious items came too often late in the evening whereas the listeners had to go to bed early. (But in civilian life most of us can listen only in the evening.) Among the best entries were those of L. G. Udale, Alice Daw-Smith, W. H. J. Price and D. Dawson. I recommend two guineas for Towanbucket, the most amusing entry. Half a guinea each to F. C. C. and H. for two very sensible letters, to Sir Robert Witt for straight advice, and to R. H. for his irony.

Dear Beebeecee,

Congratulations, darling! I am sending you a new wavelength, from Berlin, to add to your collection; but I *do hope* you won't lend it to that man Priestley. You know I never *bore you* with good advice; but do you mind my saying, ever so gently, that you shouldn't let that Brains Trust use you as a *mere catspaw* for its *wicked opinions*? You've sown your wild oats, darling, and now it's time to cut loose from your really *rather* vulgar Red friends, with their horrid, *provincial* accents. Remember, dear, life is earnest! No more over-indulgence in intoxicating debates! (You should have lots of nice, friendly, *safe* talks with Canon Allsright to keep you from thinking to excess.) No more flirting with those Modern Music hussies! No more Sunday nights with Advanced Plays: can't you see they're *rank outsiders*—not *nice people* at all! And so upsetting to your old governor!

Do make us all happy by settling down with one of those nice, *old-world* Tunes, and spending more of your *evenings* with good, clean Fun. And oh, darling, *do* please be careful not to be *too friendly* with upstart foreigners.

Your loving,
Aunt Hepzibah.
TOWANBUCKET

My dear B.B.C.,

As a very remote aunt, who has never before taken the trouble to get in touch with you, I feel I have only the right to send you a short letter to-day.

Please, then, will you consider this one point: the difference between trying to please everybody and trying to offend nobody. If you do the first, aren't you (probably) democratic? and if you do the second, aren't you certainly a moral coward? I say *probably* because if you feed people with enough second-rate food they begin to crave it from habit, and this is not democratic but just demoralising.

Anyway, will you ponder my distinction as you cut your cake?

Your moderately loving old aunt,
F. C. C.

My dear Bébé,

Forgive me for using your childish name, having been interested in you from your birth, and heard your first thin and squeaky utterances. It shall be the last time; but I mean to continue my rooted habit of giving you good advice. So here is some.

Though you thrive on popular support, never make popularity your object; if you do, you will merely be mediocre, and I'm sure you do not wish that.

Concentrate on quality—the best in every kind. What is "best" it is your job to discover.

Give the public credit for having better taste than they are supposed to have.

Do try to get to the bottom of things, which is difficult, instead of being superficial, which is easy. We all want to understand the times we live in, but the Brains Trust doesn't help us very much. You are not an evening paper.

You live in one of the greatest and most pregnant periods of history. Match your stature to the occasion.

Though you may think me critical, I have great hopes for your future, and I don't know what we should do without you. You have all my best wishes.

H.

Dear B.B.C.,

I have followed your adolescence with interest—and anxiety. May an uncle, not so old-fashioned as you believe, and one who, for all his years, claims ready sympathy with youth, offer a few words of suggestion, rather than advice (limited, fortunately for you, to 200 words)? You were born publicly, almost, one might say, in a public-house, yet your private life has been secret, too much of it perhaps obscure. Your nurses and governesses have often been changed. Years ago you nearly died, and I was ready to drop a Reith (have I spelled it correctly?) upon your tomb. The speed of the convoy is truly that of the slowest ship. Therefore avoid convoys. Risk more, intellectually. "Safety first" is a despicable motto. Adopt shock tactics. For those who switch off indignantly it will be their loss. More light, even at the cost of more heat. "Postscripts" should always be short. Sometimes you exhaust the subject—and us. The Brains Trust's answers should seldom be extemporary. Their "Prepared books" are so much better than their "Unseens," the Unknown is not always magnificent. Finally, your public notice-boards should bear the words "Listen to what you like—but be sure that you like it!"

SIR ROBERT WITT.

My dear B.B.C.,

I hope you will forgive your fond old Aunt's foolishness in still using your baby pet-name, but I shall always think of you as the Big Bouncing Child in the nursery at Savoy Hill, even if you are now *of age* and set up in a good West End practice. Anyway, I'm sure you won't mind a few little hints about life now that you are quite grown up.

First, do be *clean*. Cleanliness, you know, is next to Godliness. but there's no need to tell you anything about *that*! Next, whatever you do, don't be vulgar, and always speak nicely. Don't have *views*—it would not do at all to give offence. Then, don't worry about not being brainy. So many of us feel that people with *brains* are not quite to be *trusted*. After all, it's *character* that counts and a little thought goes a long way.

I'm afraid this has become quite an epilogue, so shall close down with just one more thought —if you can't be good, be careful.

Yours affectionately,
P.S.—Keep up your Music. Aunt.
P.P.S.—I enclose my usual 10s. R. H.

BARCLAYS BANK

(DOMINION, COLONIAL AND OVERSEAS)

RECORD FIGURES

THE ordinary general meeting of Barclays Bank (Dominion, Colonial and Overseas) will be held on Dec. 23 at 29, Gracechurch Street, London.

The following is taken from the statement of Sir W. M. GOODENOUGH (the chairman) which was circulated with the report and accounts:

It is with great sorrow that I have to record the loss which the bank has suffered through the untimely death of Sir John Caulcutt, our late chairman. I am deeply sensible of the honour of having been elected by the Board to succeed him.

Our branch at Addis Ababa has been closed; the purposes for which it was intended have now been fulfilled. We have since opened branches in Libya, at Tripoli and Benghazi, and in Somalia, at Mogadishu.

Turning to the balance-sheet, the tendency to expansion which has been seen in recent years has continued to an even more marked extent, and a record figure is again shown for current and deposit accounts at £247,773,509. The corresponding increase in assets has been mainly in cash, bills and investments, while advances show a much reduced proportion, owing to the limited demand for banking accommodation under present conditions. The bulk of our investments consists of short-dated Government Securities, and the bills are mainly Treasury Bills. The position generally reflects a very high degree of liquidity, which should leave us well placed to play our part in the finance of overseas trade and in the development of the resources of the Empire when conditions demand a greater measure of banking facilities.

The low percentage of advances, to which I have referred, is a feature common to most banks at the present time, and, indeed, one of the most marked phenomena of the war period has been the increased liquidity of all kinds of commercial undertakings. The conditions which have brought about the general increase in liquidity have been a contributory factor in enabling us during the past few years to release quite a considerable proportion of the sums set aside previously as provision for doubtful debts. Until recently we have felt it wise to retain these recoveries partly as a protection against possible losses which we might suffer through enemy incursion into areas in the Middle East and Mediterranean where we are established. This is a danger which I think we may now reasonably regard as having passed. The situation in this respect has, in fact, so much improved during the past year that we feel justified in releasing part of these funds. We have accordingly found it possible to augment our reserve fund from this source to the extent of £300,000.

The number of our staff serving in the Forces continues to grow, and the total number now notified as killed or missing is 77. I am confident that the stockholders would wish me on their behalf to offer our most sincere sympathy to their relatives.

It is a special pleasure to me to have this opportunity to pay tribute to the work of the staff during another year of war.

ALLIED BAKERIES

POST-WAR REQUIREMENTS

THE eighth annual general meeting of Allied Bakeries, Limited, was held on Dec. 10th in London.

Mr. S. Hodkinson presided in the absence through indisposition of Mr. W. Garfield Weston, M.P., the chairman of the company, and read the statement which had been prepared by Mr. Weston, from which the following is an extract:—

Our liquid position has improved slightly during the year, liquid assets being £2,307,961, exceeding current liabilities by £356,700, against a surplus of £366,050 in 1942, but the net amount of the Second Interim dividend of 5 per cent. amounting to £34,955 has been included in total liabilities this year, so that in effect our liquid position is £25,600 better than last year.

After payment of the Preference dividend, and interim dividends of 10 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, there remains a balance to carry forward of £128,022, as against £88,313 brought in from 1942. Your directors do not recommend any further payment of dividend on the Ordinary shares because they constantly have in mind the necessity for considerable Capital Expenditure after the war to rebuild and re-equip those Bakeries which do not conform to the high standard of efficiency we require.

You may expect me to express some opinion as to the prospects of our business in the immediate future, but I can only say that we are largely dependent upon circumstances beyond our control; as, for example, the available supply of raw materials for Confectionery and Biscuit making.

The report was unanimously adopted.

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